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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

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PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES—A BELLE OF THE BURLESQUE STAGE, ATTENDED BY HER WAITING MAID, COMPLETING THE MAKE-UP OF THE BEAUTY WHICH IS TO DAZZLE THE ANXIOUSLY EXPECTANT AUDIENCE.—SEE PAGE 2

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1879.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the West and South-west. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—See item in another column.
H. H., Quincy, Ill.—See item under "Vice's Varieties"; thanks.

J. F. L., Louisville, Ky.—See item in "Vice's Varieties"; thanks.

E. S., Simcoe, Canada.—Respectfully declined. MSS. awaits your order.

W. H. S., Steelmanville, N. J.—Items are entirely too far behind date.

W. J. S., Cheyenne, W. T.—Article previously received from another source.

WILL, Springfield, O.—Item too far back. Try again with something more recent.

H. S., Oxford, O.—We do not discover sufficient point in the matter for illustration.

SUBSCRIBER, Petrolia, Pa.—See item elsewhere; thanks. Let us hear from you again.

B. F. W., Crow's Landing, Cal.—Thanks for the attention, but the item is altogether too stale.

CORRESPONDENT, Dubuque, Iowa.—Matter held over till next week; too late for this issue; thanks.

J. J. D., Utica, Neb.—Photo and abstract of sketch published. Thanks. Let us hear from you again.

R. C., Cincinnati, O.—Thanks for attention, but matters had been previously received through our exchanges.

T. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Photo and brief sketch published. Could not make anything of the sketch; thanks.

H. J. L., San Francisco, Cal.—The matter is of local interest only, and we could make no use of the sketches in any event.

E. R. W., Laredo, Texas.—Article will appear with illustration in our next. Please advise your newsdealers and others accordingly.

J. O. M., Evansville, Ind.—We publish account of the occurrence described, in this issue. The other appeared in our issue of January 4th.

L. E. F., Moline, Ill.—Photo with sketch published in this issue. Were obliged to curtail the latter somewhat for lack of space. Thanks.

G. B. S., Chillicothe, Mo.—The sketch is well executed, but we have no space for it this week. And it is not of sufficient interest to hold over.

E. M., St. Asagar, Iowa.—Item was published in our preceding issue. Shall be glad to hear from you again, but please send items a week earlier.

H. L. B., Morrisania, N. Y.—Do not think the matter would be of value to us, while there is so much of a similar character of contemporary interest.

H. S., New Orleans, La.—Will send you a copy of our issue of May 11th, containing a full account of the matter from a special correspondent, should you so desire us.

CORRESPONDENT, Savannah, Ga.—Send us account of the affair with sketch of the scene and photos of the parties. If possible, and we will publish a full history of the affair.

M. L. C., Newark, N. J.—If you will send outline of such a matter, giving merely leading facts of history, we will construct a suitable sketch from it which will be published.

C. H. B., Fort Lincoln, Neb.—We published an account of the affair with illustration in our preceding issue. Shall be glad to hear from you again, but please hurry up matter intended for us.

E. J. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.—See account of the affair in "Vice's Varieties"; necessarily abridged for want of space; thanks. Yes, the matter is as important as you represent, will accept it at that rate. Do not forget to send the sketch and photos.

J. A. M., Frozen Camp, W. Va.—The sketch does not present sufficient point for illustration, in addition to the matter being old. Try again with something fresher and more striking. We do not wish fancy pictures, but accurate sketches of localities of occurrence, &c.

E. M. J., Fort Wayne, Ind.—You will find a full account of the occurrence in our issue of January 11. You should understand that with the railroad, telegraph and other news-papers, two weeks old items, with a reach of those agencies, can scarcely be classed as news.

JUDICIAL BUNGLING MATCHES.

That the best use that can be made of a condemned murderer, under our present laws and social condition, is to kill him, can hardly be denied from a logical standpoint. Still there is a distinction with a difference to be observed as to the mode of killing him, and there are points in regard to the well-being of society in the matter that demand recognition. In the first place it is supposed that the murderer is offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of Justice for the good of society, and this is expected to result, not merely from the putting out of the way of one individual whose continued existence is deemed dangerous to society, but from the example of the thing, which shall deter possible murderers from blooming into actual ones.

In regard to several recent instances of horrible official bungling, however, notably that of the sickening spectacle at the Hunter execution, in Camden, N. J., it may reasonably be doubted whether that example has any other effect than to contribute to the very demoralization and lack of regard for the sanctity of human life which tends to develop the murderer.

The worst feature of the matter is that the frequent occurrence of such scenes affords capital for the crack-brained philanthropists, who periodically agitate the subject of the abolition of capital punishment, and, indeed, it would not take many repetitions of the Hunter business to so shock the minds of the community that the agitators might very readily be reinforced by public opinion to an extent that would lead to the success of their fanciful theories, certainly a consummation most devoutly to be deplored in the present homicidal epidemic. Such an innovation would be but an experiment and, undoubtedly, a short-lived one, as is evidenced by its results where it has been tried, but, at the same time, it would be decidedly unfortunate if it should be attempted, even temporarily.

No, what society needs, in view of these facts, is not the abolition of capital punishment for murder, but a radical change in the mode of administering it. Let us have no more such bungling affairs as that at Camden, to shock public sentiment. Either substitute some surer and more decorous means of carrying out the extreme penalty of the law, or give us public executioners, gallows experts who understand their business, as other civilized countries have. There is a squeamish sentiment in this country against the professional hangman which has prevented and may still operate to prevent his introduction here, but compared with such official bunglers as the Camden sheriff, with his farcical experiments, Jack Ketch would be a big improvement, from every point of view.

THE MAUGH OHUNK DRAMA.

We give another page this week to the illustration of the latest and, thus far, the most exciting scene in the bloody Mollie Maguire drama, as it has been enacted in public. The two condemned men, McDonnell and Sharpe, had both, beyond question, played a leading part in the sanguinary acts that were never intended for the public eye and were only revealed through the untiring efforts of the emissaries of Justice. So long ago was their crime committed that they had flattered themselves it was forgotten beyond recalling in a judicial point of view, and so long that many who should know better have argued as though the lapse of time should have inclined Justice to leniency, forgetting that that argument is the most flattering unction the projecting murderer lays unto his soul, and the lesson conveyed in the punishment meted out to these assassins after their long evasion of the law, the most potent warning of the inevitable consequences of crime that could be uttered.

THE GAZETTE, with its usual enterprise, has presented to its readers a vivid and accurate picture of the scene at the scaffold after the arrival of the unavailing reprieve, while the bodies of the condemned men hung quivering in the fatal abyss through which they had just been precipitated. Had the execution been conducted as most of the executions to which we are accustomed are, the reprieve even then would have probably been in season to have turned the lamentations of the friends of the condemned into rejoicing, but, unfortunately for them, the practice which the deeds of their bloody society has given to the hangmen of the coal region has brought the latter to a perfection in their ghastly duties which compels us to admit them as an exception as regards our remarks upon this subject above. They were, from their point of view, only too well fitted to be available for any other purpose than that of a first-class wake, the one remaining consolation which was liberally awarded them.

Nevertheless, the scene at the gallows was certainly one of the most exciting and dramatic ever witnessed in this country and, could we but forget the cruel and cold-blooded character of the crimes for which they suffered, we might add the most pathetic. As it is, our sympathies mainly go out, and we are sure we will be accompanied

therein by all right-thinking people, to the bereaved and desolate families of the murdered men, whose blood for fifteen years has cried from the ground for vengeance, and we cannot but rejoice, in the name of humanity and justice, that that vengeance has been repaid at last.

As has been the case throughout this terrible drama, the GAZETTE is alone in presenting a full and accurate pictorial history of this latest and most thrilling scene. Appropriately grouped with this is a correct reproduction of the scene of the bloody tragedy at Audenried, on the night of November 5, 1863, in which the assassination of George K. Smith was accomplished, as previously fixed in the murderous conclaves of the Mollie Maguires.

THE MURDER RECORD FOR 1878.

Some industrious individual, with a taste for statistics, has elaborated a tabular exhibit of the murders committed in the United States during the year just closed, which forms a ghastly record of crime without a parallel, in this country, at least. From this table it appears that there were 1324 homicides within the limits of our land of liberty during these twelve months, which would give us a monthly average of about 110, and a daily rate of, say 3½. Of this number, however, we must qualify 28 as justifiable homicides, killing in self-defence and the like, and, as 29 in addition are set down by the impartial recorder as the work of mobs, by which we understand lynchings, we may pretty safely set them down, in view of the strict notions of justice that usually prevail where lynching is in fashion, as likewise coming under the category of "justifiable." Even with the allowance we can thus make the account still figures up the appalling exhibit of 1,267 murders for 1878. The record is a fearfully suggestive one for both the humanitarian and the legislator, from whose united efforts, during the ensuing twelve months, let us hope, a far different showing may be displayed by our statistician in his next annual homicidal report.

POLICE PERCEPTION.

Mr. James L. Petrie was recently arrested on the street by an intelligent member of our fine force, marched to the station-house and locked up. Mr. Petrie was a respectable man, had that appearance, and, from all accounts, was doing nothing to cause his arrest, further than that the aforesaid intelligent officer chose to regard him as intoxicated, and though, even from that point of view, evidently a very harmless drunkard, was moved by an extra spasm of vigilance to "take him in." Locking him up all night in a cell did so little for him that he was walked about in the station house yard for several hours to "sober him up." Then he died, and it was found that it was a case of fractured skull, and not intoxication.

Putting on the Finishing Touches.

[Subject of Illustration.]
On our front page this week our artist has given us a glimpse of a scene behind the scenes in a phase of the stage life of a popular burlesque artist. Slight as the incident appears it illustrates a by no means unimportant matter to the petted favorite of the footlights. With her, appearance constitutes two-thirds of success in her constant struggle for public favor, and, woman-like, she is never satisfied with it. No matter how elaborate her make-up and how much care and taste has been bestowed upon it in the dressing-room by her attendant maid, she takes advantage of a waiting moment in the "wings" before "going on," to again call into requisition the services of the faithful creature with accompanying conveniences of mirror, powder, and the varied mysteries of stage toilet appurtenances to indulge in a characteristic female "postscript" by adding a few "finishing touches" before she bursts upon the expectant gaze of the audience she hopes to captivate, radiant with smiles and gorgeous in apparel.

Richard Huntington, Forger.

[With Portrait.]
On another page we give a portrait of Richard Huntington, alias Hutchins, alias Claude E. Mansfield, and a few others. "Lofty Dick" is a descriptive sobriquet by which he is also known. He is now in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, where he was sent on November 30th, 1878, for forgery, grand larceny and obtaining money under false pretenses. Hutchins was well known in Moline, Ill., where he formerly distinguished himself as a hypocritical rogue. His little game was to affect piety, rent the best pew in the most fashionable church and make himself prominent generally in wealthy religious circles as a convenient cloak for carrying out his dishonest pursuits. He made it a point to get acquainted with the minister, whom he would "soft soap" with stories of his past sinful life and his sincere desire for reform and piety. Meanwhile he would either contrive to marry some wealthy lamb of the flock or fleece some gullible member, and decamp with the proceeds.

He is about twenty-nine years of age, and his father is said to reside in York, Pa. When very young he was placed in the Foundling Asylum, in this city. At the age of twelve he went to Elmira, N. Y., to live with a wealthy family. He is said to have married at the age of fifteen. After this event he kept a cigar store in Elmira, which became the headquarters of "cracksmen" and

"crooked" people generally. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Sing Sing for aiding in robbing a safe.

He afterwards at Syracuse married wife number two. At Springfield, O., he accompanied Mother Stewart, making temperance addresses. There he found wife number three. At Ashland, O., where he was lately sentenced, he married his fourth wife, a Miss Frances Taylor, daughter of a wealthy iron moulder of that city.

He has served two terms in Sing Sing and one in Jeffersonville, Ind., the latter for robbing a store and waylaying a man in Evansville, Ind. In Martinsburg, Va., in 1874, he robbed a woman of \$1,800.

Since these exploits his career has been one of varied, but consistent rascality. Deputy Sheriff Gates is entitled a great deal of credit for his zeal in working up the case against this rascal and for his capture. As soon as his time at Columbus has expired, he will be looked after by the authorities of Moline, Ill., who hope to be able to make a similar disposition of him.

The Nebraska Fiend Sentenced.

KEARNEY, Neb., January 16.—The trial of S. D. Richards, the self-confessed murderer of several persons, was held at Minden yesterday. There were three indictments against him for the murder of six persons. The particular charge on which he was tried was the murder of Peter Anderson on the 9th of December last. He pleaded "not guilty of murder in the first degree." His testimony was to the effect that having twice knocked Anderson down for giving him the lie, and having threatened to kill him unless the statement was retracted, Anderson started for an ax, when he (Richards) struck him on the head with a hammer and finished him. The case was given to the jury in the afternoon, and they returned a verdict of guilty after two hours' deliberation. Judge Gaslin then pronounced sentence that he be hanged April 20, allowing him exactly the 101 days provided by law between sentence and execution. The prisoner manifested no emotion. It is feared the people will take the law into their own hands in this case.

William Harney, a Bridgeport Waif.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of William Harney, a waif of sixteen, whose pathetic story is exciting the sympathies of the good people of Bridgeport, Conn. It appears that the lad arrived in that city from Boston recently in search of his father, whose whereabouts he had just discovered and whose existence he had until a short time ago been in ignorance, his mother having been abandoned by him in the lad's infancy. Arrived in Bridgeport he joyfully sought out his father, whom he found installed in a comfortable situation. The father, however, was entirely of a different mind, utterly denied the relationship and advised him to return to Boston. This advice the poor lad meekly accepted, but being unable to do so immediately, set about looking for work to maintain himself, saying, proudly, "If my father don't wish to own me, I don't want to have him." The little fellow's misfortunes and manly bearing won him general sympathy.

Casler, the Nebraska Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

Orlando Casler was recently convicted at Seward, Nebraska, of the murder of George L. Munroe, whose mangled body was found in July last, floating in Blue river, in that state. A coroner's jury, on July 15th, charged Casler with the deed, for which he was afterwards tried and convicted. Robbery is supposed to have been the incentive.

Casler is thirty-two years of age, was born in New York state, of German parents, and is without education. He served two years in the late war, in the Sixteenth New York Heavy Artillery, and drew a pension from the Government for disabilities received in service. He has a wife and four small children who now reside on their homestead of sixty acres in Seward county, Nebraska. A portrait of Casler is given on another page.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

The additions this week to our gallery of favorites of the footlights comprises two capital portraits, in costume, of Miss Minnie Palmer, the charming and rising young actress, who is deservedly a great favorite with theatre-goers in this city, and who has recently been engaged to play Dot in the "Cricket on the Hearth," with John E. Owens, at the Park Theatre, and Miss Ada Richmond, an old established favorite of the burlesque stage, who is well and favorably known to amusement lovers in every section of the Union.

THE THEATRES.

TONY PASTOR'S.—The Royal Marionettes, Mans and Turner, "Proteus" Morris, and the great Tony, furnish an unapproachable bill.

THE TIVOLI.—An unusually attractive variety entertainment which includes some of the first talent of the day in their specialties, is announced for the ensuing week.

WALLACK'S.—The production of "Ours" in the inimitable style of this house, with Mr. Lester Wallack and a superb cast, attracts the largest and most appreciative audiences of the season.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—Harrigan and Hart in the "Mulligan Guard Ball," with other features of a specially humorous character peculiar to the place, render a night at the Comique one of unsurpassed enjoyment to lovers of genuine fun.

OLYMPIC.—The theatre opens this week after a brief intermission with the production of Charles Read's great drama of "Never Too Late to Mend," in a style that delights theatre goers of taste.

TOLEDO'S TRAGEDY.

The Sequel which Might have been Expected to Round up a Story of Vice and Dissipation.

A BRAKEMAN'S BREAK.

Inflamed by Jealousy of his Fast Wife he Makes a Desperate Attempt to Switch off the Entire Concern

TO THE VAST UNKNOWN ROUTE.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TOLEDO, O., January 10.—A neat black sign, bearing in gilt letters the inscription "Mrs. Duryea, Cloak and Dressmaking," marks one side of a two-story double brick residence, with basement, at the corner of Orange and Superior streets, where this morning was enacted, perhaps, the most fearful tragedy in the history of Toledo. The houses are ordinarily basements, with an entrance to the first floor opening from the street, and long flights of iron steps leading to the main entrances. The houses were built at the close of the war by Mr. Anderson, then a leading bookseller of this city. One he occupied as his residence for some years. Subsequently they became the property of I. N. Hathaway, and though somewhat run down, have yet the air of cheerful respectability, with pleasing exterior and neat green blinds. For some years the tenants have been of high respectability, but there was a period when a tragedy like that of to-day would have been quite

IN KEEPING WITH THE ORGIES WITHIN.

It was, in fact, a magnificent house of ill-shape, said to be on a scale rivaling anything outside of the metropolis. This was in Rube Lent's palmy days, under whose management the general bucking of the tiger was sandwiched in between revelry of a tender sort, in which the gentler sex joined. Old Toledo reports relate that often as many as twenty females, boasted to be the most beautiful and dashing of the demi-monde of the whole Lake region, marketed their tinselled and bejeweled beauties in that establishment. Those were high old times, when real estate was booming, and many a young Maumee blood—and one or two have since become Maumee bankers—could relate rosy-tinted experience in the house. Some were among the hundreds of men who to-day tramped down the snow around the front of the house, eager to get a glimpse of

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

On the portico a tiny stream of blood showed where some one bleeding had passed out the hall to near the iron steps, then turned and gone back again into the house. In a room at the back end of the hall, near a wash-stand, lay the corpse of a man about thirty-four, with a bullet-hole directly through his head and a five-shooter revolver with two empty chambers lying near him. The stand had blood marks upon it, as if the man had fallen against it. Near by was a second pool of blood, and another trail of the red life-current leading through a pair of folding doors into an adjoining room, which also opened into the hall. Here, on a pile of blankets from which a sort of bed had been improvised, lay a beautiful woman, perhaps thirty years of age, surrounded by a group of persons, among them a surgeon, Dr. Lungren, who was

PROBING THE WOUNDS IN HER HEAD.

The form was covered with blood, and she was still living and seemed conscious. A young miss, perhaps fifteen years old, stood, by the only child in the strange crowd, almost the only female, and with strange fortitude was aiding the surgeon. This was the stricken woman's only child, who had, it seems, witnessed the whole tragedy. The shooting of her mother by a man, her step-father, and afterward the blowing of his own brains out, of which the following are, in brief, the details:

W. H. Duryea last October retired from the office of Deputy Sheriff of Lucas county. For some time he had known Nellie Yankton, the divorced wife of Dr. Yankton. She had previously been known as the divorced widow of a man named Hoey. As Nellie Yankton she was known as a milliner and dress-maker on Cherry street, but during that time, and during the time she was Mrs. Hoey, scandal has it that she was inclined to love the pleasure above named. Duryea, however, seemed infatuated with the woman, and against the advice of many friends, married her soon after the October election, and leaving the sheriff's office, as stated, secured a position as brakeman on the Pennsylvania road, with a run between Toledo and Mansfield. It has been known recently that the pair

DID NOT LIVE HAPPILY TOGETHER.

Duryea was not only jealous of her, but the two quarreled about their ordinary domestic affairs. Recently they tried living at Mansfield, but a few days since removed here. It seems that each time he came in from his run a terrible quarrel ensued.

He came in this morning at nine o'clock and found her engaged in preparing to move her things from the house. A quarrel ensued, and he went down-town and pawned his watch and chain for the loan of a pistol, as he said, to shoot some cats. In the presence of the store-keeper, he loaded it with four cartridges from his pocket, selecting a weapon to match them. He then went directly to the house, and shots were soon after heard.

The child can give no intelligent account but it is supposed that, coming in with the weapon, he told Mrs. Duryea he had

DETERMINED TO KILL THEM BOTH.

She screamed, when, with the pistol close to her head, he fired. The ball made but a scalp-wound, but she fell. He seemed to have stood a moment irresolute, when she jumped up, and, screaming, rushed into the hall and to the door. He did not follow, and she, as if thinking to save him, ran back into the house. As she entered the room from the hall, he was standing within the door and seized her by the arm with his left, drawing her close to him, and placing the pistol against her temple, fired again, sending a ball crashing through the side of her head. It touched the brain, passed under the cheek-bone on the same side, and out through the mouth, taking with it the plate of a set of front false teeth. The woman fell as if dead, and the wretched man, stepping back a single pace, placed the weapon to his own temple and fired. This was more effectually done, and his brains followed the ball out at the other side.

The whole tragedy is uncovered by the following letter, found by the surgeon

IN THE HANDS OF THE GIRL.

She had picked it up from the stand. It is addressed to Superintendent Morris, and bears a Masonic seal on the envelope of Venus Lodge, No. 152, Mansfield. It was dated this morning. It is as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—In all probabilities, when this reaches you I will not be living. You know that I moved to Mansfield, and then my wife not being satisfied, I moved back again to please her, and then paid \$20 per month for a house. Since I got a change in my run, I have had to sleep on the floor and make my own bed at that. My wife has had all the money and then was not satisfied. I thought I would let you know, for you were a man, and what you have done for me I have appreciated, and am very thankful to you and tried to make home happy for my wife and her child, but all in vain. You nor no one else knew my love for that woman. Let her daughter have the money that is coming to me. You will see by this that my life is nothing to me without her, and as for my living and seeing her every day, I can not, one I have forsaken all for, and it had all come because I would not ask you for a train, when I knew that I was not an old man enough to take one, and not well enough posted. What you have done for me I have appreciated. Fraternally yours,

WM. H. DURYEA."

Selling a Man His Own Life.

A young student at a ball at Pesh resented the attentions of one of his fellow guests paid to a young lady whom he chose to esteem his particular sweetheart, and took advantage of the first opportunity that offered to tread on his rival's toes. Next day the latter called on him. "You have insulted me grossly," he said, and I demand satisfaction. Being the insulted party I have the right to choose the means of justifying myself. I suggest a duel after the American fashion."

"What the deuce is that?" demanded the insulter.

"Simply to put a white and black bean in a hat and draw without looking.

"And then?"

"Well, then, the one who draws the black bean is bound in honor to blow his brains out within ten days."

The student lost. Nine days later he burst into the room of a friend in great agitation.

"For the love of Heaven lend me five florins, old boy!" he exclaimed.

"Five florins!" was the response; why I haven't got the ghost of a brass penny."

"Then," cried the duelist after the American fashion, "I am a doomed man!"

"Doomed! How?"

"Read."

And he handed him a note, while he drew a revolver and flourished it with dramatic desperation.

"Sir," meanwhile read the friend, "nine days ago I challenged you to a duel after the American fashion, and you lost. To-morrow it is your duty as a man of honor to blow your brains out. As I am hard up at present, I will, however, sell you your life for five florins. You will find me waiting at the door."

"And is it for this you want the five florins?" asked the reader.

"It is. I must have them, or kill myself."

"What with?"

"With this!"

And he exhibited the revolver.

"Old boy," said the mentor, eagerly, "there is a gunsmith shop next door. He will give you five florins for that."

"Happy thought!" exclaims the duelist, "I'll book it!"

And ten minutes later he had ransomed himself.

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

How a Young Girl Fell in Love at First Sight with a Convicted Bank Robber, Kept up a Correspondence with him Throughout his Imprisonment and upon his Release was about to Marry him, when Fate, in the Shape of a Fresh Indictment, Again Steps Between Them.

Perhaps the last place in the world for a young lady to select in search of a husband would be the Missouri Penitentiary, and mothers of the ordinary type are not in the habit of encouraging their daughters to look in that direction for a life partner. New-fashioned mothers treat of the matrimonial subject as the spirit of the age dictates, and the markets in the larger cities are glutted with stock of every description, fat stock and lean stock good to medium, and medium to select breed, fine and superfine; in fact, good, bad and indifferent, in every form and design to suit the purchaser, for there is only one condition of sale nowadays. The highest bidder carries the article, and he sometimes pays a very high price for a very poor material. There are some mothers yet, however, who cling to a pleasant, old-fashioned notion that matches are made in heaven, and there are still left a few young girls who believe that implicit obedience to the promptings of the heart will in the end win happiness. As a rule it may be admitted that no woman in her senses should lend encouragement to an acquaintance springing from the

INSIDE WALLS OF A PENITENTIARY.

There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and there are not a few parents who sigh heavily as they reflect upon the sad condition of their married daughters whose selections were made from the snobbish circles of modern society, and who would not have been very sorry, perhaps, if the exception had been substituted for the rule in the history of their family life.

An exceptional instance comes from Jefferson City, and it comes upon good authority. The particulars will be given without any attempt at sensational display or romantic word-painting. The recital refers to a fact, and not a fiction.

An officer of the United States Marshal's Department in St. Louis took up to Jefferson City, a few days since, several Federal convicts, counterfeiters and others, sentenced by Judge Treat before he left for Philadelphia.

The morning that he passed with his prisoners within the gates of the State Penitentiary a convict passed out who had served a long

TERM OF YEARS FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

He was met by a young and beautiful girl, who rained kisses upon his cheeks, and otherwise exhibited her joy at his release. Such scenes are not uncommon at the penitentiary gates, for mothers and sisters sometimes gather there to greet with natural affection a long restrained relative, and the penalty paid to state and society, the offense is condoned by the family whether of high or low degree.

This young lady, however, was neither mother nor sister, but sweetheart. She had traveled several hundred miles to meet her lover, and he stood there once more at liberty.

Two years since he was an utter stranger to her, and it happened that she visited the penitentiary with her friends to see a convict who had occupied a good position in life, but had fallen with several others in a conspiracy to rob a bank.

Her eyes at that time fell upon the convict who was released a few days since. He, too, was of good family, a well-educated man, and of

ATTRACTIVE PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

His history was related by the warden showing the visitors around the prison, and remarked incidentally that the family of the convict had discarded him entirely; that he received neither visits nor letters like other prisoners under penitentiary regulations; that he was a well-conducted prisoner; gave no trouble, did his work well, and spent his leisure in reading.

All these particulars fell with interest upon a sympathetic ear, and it seemed that his condition touched a delicate chord in a certain warm-hearted little girl, who carefully treasured up all the utterances of the prison officers, and, as a favor, begged that she might be permitted to speak to the prisoner, provided he was willing.

The request was cheerfully granted, and she spoke to him.

Expressing her sorrow at his condition and her especial regret that he had no letters from his friends, she ventured to ask whether it would afford him any pleasure

TO HEAR FROM HER OCCASIONALLY.

The tender appeal from such pretty lips and tender eyes would have softened any man, and it had a remarkable effect upon the sensitive convict of delicate mind. He joyfully appreciated such a warm interest from a stranger of the gentle sex, and her offer was accepted with every look and expression of gratitude, and a silver lining of love tinged the clouds of his prison life for the future.

The young lady was true to her promise; she wrote to him as often as the rules of the prison allowed, and he corresponded in return.

In those letters he told her of his hopes and plans for the future; in hers she breathed a

gentle confidence in his professions of amending after his release.

She frankly told her mother of the extraordinary correspondence going forward, and that lady, with every degree of faith in her daughter's sincerity, told her of the danger attending such associations, but declined to interfere.

The correspondence ripened into a confession of love, and the young people looked forward eagerly to the day when the striped jacket would be exchanged for the broad-cloth frocked

WEDDING GARMENT.

It mattered little, perhaps, that the young girl had some property in her own right; at any rate, such knowledge was concealed from the penitent within the bars by express desire of the young lady's mamma, who naturally had some misgivings that mercenary motives might actuate the convict lover.

Arrangements had quietly been made for the couple to be married at Jefferson City, after which a trip was to be taken to New York for the purpose of settling in that state, and in order that the husband might be severed from all his western connections. The most cruel part of this story from life remains to be told. After the fond meeting at the gate, related above, the young couple moved toward a carriage in waiting to convey them to a hotel, and as the young girl stepped into it an officer from another state tapped the young man on the shoulder, informing him that he was wanted to answer a charge under an indictment.

The stern behests of the law had to be respected in spite of love and matrimony, and the young couple parted, perhaps to meet no more.

Marrying into the Demi-Monde.

The *Whitehall Review* has an article entitled "Marriages a la Mode," which is interesting in more respects than one:

A new evil has taken root in our midst, has grown, budded and blossomed, and deadly as the upas tree beneath which we have all seen Solita die. We have never been, perhaps, a very moral people. There are as many soiled, stained pages in our history as in that of any modern community, and our much-boasted purity can really not be believed in outside Exeter Hall. The morality of William Rufus, of Edward II., of James I., and of Charles II., was no whit better than that of Louis IX. of Henri III., of Louis XIII., and of the Grand Monarque. In open disregard for the deencies of life, our Sovereigns have even gone further in late times than any French ruler, and George IV. stands alone as the first gentleman and last blackguard of Europe, contemporary French history offering us no fitting and adequate parallel. It is disagreeable to us to have to swallow this fact, but it is nevertheless historically true, and no amount of early closing on Sunday and withdrawal of the licenses of public dancing-houses will keep our male bipeds from getting as thoroughly drunk as any of their fellows on the continent, or our female element from being as human and frail as the typical abominable French woman. Hitherto, however, we have been contented with being quite as bad as other people, and no worse, but of late years a morbid ambition would appear to have sprung up in the breasts of the golden youths of this country, a noble desire to excel in iniquity, and to not only soil themselves with mud, but drag all who bear their name into the gutter with them. It is not well to get drunk, but then we have been told that the climate of our island is apt to lead to great temptations and undue indulgence in alcohol. It is reprehensible and deplorable for our sisters, daughters and wives to forget their moral responsibility and self-respect, and become unclean things on which society can but look with loathing; but we are shown that the great personal beauty of English women, coupled with the fact that they are numerically superior to the men of this island, is a solution of the disagreeable problem, which, if offensive, is none the less clear, true and, from a philosophical point of view, acceptable. But what excuse can we find for such beings as wantonly kneel in the gutter to link themselves forever with the foulness thereof, and thus bespatter with mud their belongings who would fain keep clean?

Of late years the tendency has become more and more marked on the part of Englishmen of good name and social position to seek for themselves wives out of the palaces of the Haymarket and the groves of Chelsea and St. John's Wood, and to this fact there can be no parallel in the contemporary history of any other civilized community. Frenchmen may gamble and spend all their money into the *demi-monde*, but they do not marry into it; Americans may drink and indulge in eccentric and murderous exploits with bowie-knives, but they do not marry Phrynes and Aspasiæ; Germans may drink to excess, gamble away all they possess, and beat their wives, but their wives are not *fleurs du mal*—woods sprung from abomination and vice. With us, however, it is different. Within the last few years ten men, all holding high social positions, bearing good names, and not a few among them belonging to what would be termed in the Faubourg St. Germain *le gratin*, have wantonly allied themselves to women picked from the streets, giving their names and titles to be held until death by creatures whose very names they would never under ordinary circumstances dare to mention before a lady. A marchioness, a duchess and the wives of two barons have been recruited from the ranks of *les impures*, and only mention these *corrupte calames* to give a strong color of fact and reality to our thesis.

Imprisoned in Floating Ice.

[Subject of Illustration.]
MEMPHIS, Tenn., January 6.—A little after twelve o'clock last night the crew of the steamer, James D. Parker, lying at the old elevator, and the occupants of the several flat boats near the vicinity of Beal street were startled by loud cries. They came from a dingy of a trading boat that was floating on the ice in the middle of the river. There was no sign of a light aboard the small craft, and in the beautiful sparkling starlit night, was to be seen but one object a solitary being upon the boat, his cries for help ringing terribly upon the air. One of the officers of the Parker called to the man and inquired what was the trouble. He hoarsely shouted back that his craft was imbedded in the ice; he was without food or fire. "I am nearly starved; haven't had anything to eat for two days," came his cries. Efforts were made by the boatmen to reach him, but their attempts were fruitless, and the craft when last seen was still floating down with its almost starved and maniacal occupant crying to attract the attention of others. This morning the same boat with its solitary occupant was seen floating down stream, fifteen miles below this city. Some negroes attempted to rescue the man, but failed.

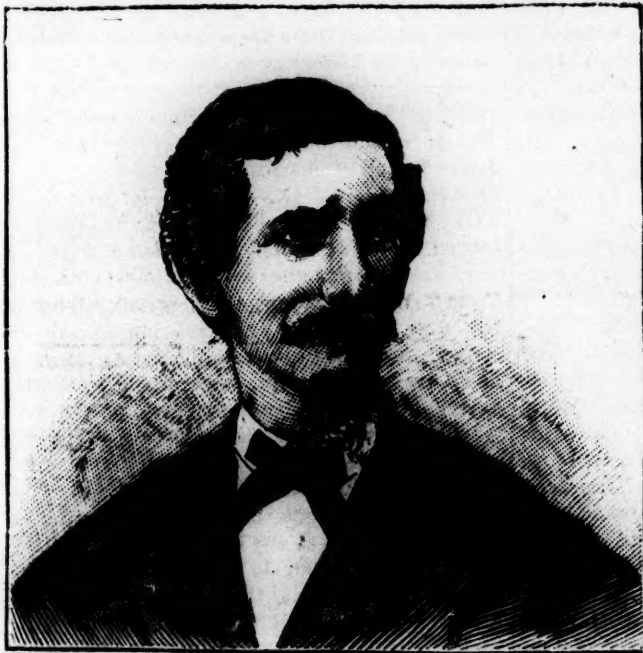


ALFRED BAILLARD, A NEGRO RELIGIOUS FANATIC, IMAGINES HIMSELF CHARGED WITH A MISSION TO REFORM GAMBLERS, AND CARRIES IT OUT IN A STARTLING MANNER, AT JACKSON, TENN.

complaint against Wood for threatening her and he will be tried before the District Court. A complaint also came out against the woman Hall for adultery, but the case was discharged. The affair caused a lively scandal.

Pugilistic Scene in a Station House.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Two patrolmen, in all the glory of blue and brass, stood before the Police Commissioners on the 13th inst. and looked somewhat sheepishly at these magnates. The pair had been called to account for pummeling each other and indulging in a free fight, which had drawn from their fistic comrades most cordial approval and admiration. The ring was drawn in the Eighteenth precinct station house, there was no purse up and the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury were utterly ignored. There was only one round fought, but it was a warm one, and the claret was flowing freely when the men were taken to their corners. No one threw up the sponge and no one else called "Time." So the fight was considered a draw, and but for the complaint that was lodged with the Commissioners would soon doubtless, have been forgotten. Unhappily, however, the superiors of Patrolmen Falvey and O'Neil brought the case to official notice, and they were brought to the trial room to explain it all.



WESLEY W. BISHOP, SELF-ACCUSED PARAMOUR AND ACCOMPLICE OF MRS. KATE M. COBB, NORWICH, CONN.—SEE PAGE 7

A Denver Street Sensation.

[Subject of Illustration.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
DENVER, Col., January 6.—Denver a few days since enjoyed a street sensation that tends to give the outsider a glimpse of some of the peculiarities of society in this young and vigorous city. The excitement was occasioned by Jennie Grier, an attractive member of the demi-monde who hastily entered a two-story building on Larimer street, went up-stairs to the room of one Wood, a gambler, and knocked at the door. Upon Wood answering the rap, Jennie saluted him with a shot from her pistol, but her aim was not accurate, and the bullet flew wide of its mark. She then turned and ran down-stairs, closely followed by Wood who demanded the pistol. At the foot of the flight, the woman turned on her pursuer, and was about to fire again, when her arm was caught by a young man who had rushed in from the street. After the weapon had been taken from her she ran into a store and disappeared through a rear door, while Wood, as cool as a cucumber, went up the street in an opposite direction. Later developments show that the woman claims to be Wood's wife, and that she was seeking vengeance on him for leaving her and living with another woman, named Alice Hall. Jennie entered a



JOHN REILLY, THE GALLANT FIREMAN OF ENGINE COMPANY NO. 17, KILLED AT THE FIRE AT BROADWAY AND GRAND STREET, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 14TH.—SEE PAGE 6



MRS. KATE M. COBB, DEFENDANT IN THE NORWICH, CONN., POISONING CASE.—SEE PAGE 7

O'Neil was first called and said he had been the cause of the whole row. He had provoked Falvey, but he was sorry and wouldn't do it again. Falvey corroborated his quondam antagonist's statement and the Commissioners reserved their decision.

A Police Officer's Heroism.

[Subject of Illustration.]
At a fire in 315 Delancey street on Sunday evening, 12th inst., Officer Michael Gorman ran through the thick smoke to the room of Mrs. Margaret Moore, in the fourth story, and carried her two children down-stairs. He then returned for the mother and carried her down. The damage to building was slight. The fire originated in the rag store of Michael Duffy, in the basement.

A Negro Reformer's Mania.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Alfred Ballard, a negro, was converted to Methodism in Jackson, Tenn. He conceived that his mission was to reform gamblers, and he became insane on that subject. Dashing into a faro room, he shouted, "Death to all gamblers!" and shot the dealer dead.

At Berrien Springs, Mich., on the 12th, the court sentenced W. Crandall to eleven years at Jackson for bigamy, and George M. Brown to the Ionia house of correction for one year for burglary. Both plead guilty.



AN UNKNOWN BOATMAN IMPRISONED IN FLOATING ICE CARRIED PAST THE STEAMER JAMES D. PARKER, AT NIGHT, THE CREW BEING UNABLE TO RESCUE HIM, AT MEMPHIS, TENN.

A Murderous Lover's Deed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WAPAKONETA, O., January 12.—This usually quiet and peaceable town was startled on the 9th by a tragic scene in which Mrs. Tena Schmidt, who keeps a saloon on the principal business thoroughfare, was the victim, and Dick Mayers, a carriage-blacksmith, the assassin. Mrs. Schmidt is an amiable and respectable widow of some property, and Mayers has been vainly seeking her hand in marriage. Entering her saloon on the day in question, and finding her alone, he again implored her hand, but she replied that she did not intend to marry again. With his hand upon his hip-pocket, he declared that if he could not marry her, no other man should.

Fearing his design, she rushed into an adjoining barber-shop, Mayers following and firing at her with a common seven-shooting revolver, exclaiming, "D—n you; I will kill you, and then kill myself!" He emptied six chambers, one of which took effect in Mrs. Schmidt's back, near the spinal column, and one in her right arm, near the elbow, glancing upward. The colored barber caught Mayers' arm just in time to prevent the missile of death from entering Mrs. Schmidt's head. Mayers was immediately secured, disarmed and lodged in jail.

He at first feigned ignorance of the crime, but said, "God d—n that nigger," and finally wept like a child. It is the general belief that he fully intended to kill Mrs. Schmidt and then kill himself. He had pursued and threatened her life before. He is a good-looking man, thirty-three years of age, and has a divorced wife living in Sidney. He belongs to a highly-respectable family, who sincerely regret the wayward man's folly, caused by drink and jealousy.



MURDEROUS ATTEMPT OF DICK MAYERS, A REJECTED SUITOR, UPON THE OBJECT OF HIS UNREQUITED LOVE, AT WAPAKONETA, OHIO.

A Plucky Girl's Hunting Exploit.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MONTERO, CAL., January 4.—Miss Susie Jones, daughter of Captain Jones, a pioneer settler of the county, last week noticed that the dogs had "treed" some animal near the house, armed herself with a gun and proceeded to investigate the matter. No sooner had she approached the tree than a gigantic catamount sprang to the ground. The dogs followed in close pursuit over tangled weeds and through the dense willows and forests of the Tuolumne for near a mile, when the animal again took to a tree for protection. The brave girl trudged on alone, with her gun on her shoulder, and on coming up with the dogs soon discovered his catship in unusually close proximity, but not daunted by his glaring eyes and ferocious appearance, took deliberate aim and fired. The cat made a spring, but fell to the ground dead. Swinging the monster over her shoulders she carried him home in triumph as a trophy of her prowess. The animal is one of the largest of his species. The young lady hunter has only seen some fourteen or fifteen summers, and is a native of our county.

Paulina Reinsch, a Boss Shop-Lifter.

(With Portrait.)

Paulina Reinsch, though but seventeen years of age, has attained the distinction of being the boss shop-lifter of Chicago. She was recently arrested in that city by Detective Gallagher, of the Central Station. She was held under \$1,000 bail for her appearance at the criminal court. Her portrait appears on another page.

Knox Martin, colored, was captured on the 16th, and has confessed the murder of Whittemeyer and his wife, near Nashville, Tenn.



MISS MINNIE PALMER, THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESS.



MISS ADA RICHMOND, BURLESQUE ARTIST.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.—See Page 2.

BURIED ALIVE.

Captain Yates' Adventure After Being Shipwrecked on the Coast of Balize.

A SUPPOSED VICTIM

To the Cholera Scourge, he is Buried in the Marsh, but is Miraculously Resuscitated.

HIS LIFE SAVED BY A MISTAKE.

The following strange story was recently told the writer while waiting for a train at Nortonville, Ky., at the junction of the St. Louis and South-Eastern and the Louisville and Paducah Railroads, by a Captain Yates, of Mississippi, a genial, healthy-looking, well-knit but not corpulent gentleman, who had served in the Confederate army.

It seems that after the war he found himself with \$5,000 in New Orleans, and helped load a ship for South America with flour, which he expected to realize upon handsomely, and bring tropical fruits back. The bark was wrecked on the coast of Balize, and Captain Yates, Dr. Jones and the crew were saved with difficulty, losing all they had. They went to the capital town, Balize, to await transportation home.

The Captain's story was told without any attempt at ornamentation, and is given as nearly as possible

IN HIS OWN WORDS:

Balize, you know, is on the coast at the mouth of the river. It struggles along in mud and water for two miles, being built in the marsh. There are more mosquitoes than bites, and, as a consequence, many mosquitoes die of starvation. The remainder of the population is made up of about five thousand negroes and a few white people. At least they claim to be white, but they have the characteristics of a cross between a mosquito and a negro—they'll bleed you like one, and are on an equality with the other in Balize.

But I must do the negroes justice. We hadn't a dollar in the world, all the valuables in the party being a gold watch I had managed to cling to. We went to a white man's named Fellowes, who had a warehouse for shipping logwood and arrowroot, and told him the facts. He advised us to go to a negro boarding-house—there were no others in town—and we went. The negro had the best of Fellowes in humanity. She was a big black woman, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, greasy and shiny, but good-natured. She took my watch as security for board, which we never could pay, and afterward lent it to me to wear, except when she went out to the wharf in style to drum up boarders.

FROM THE ENGLISH TRADERS THAT CAME.

We lived with that negro for five months, waiting for an American ship, or anything afloat in which we could beg or work a passage to the states. I can say I lived there till I died. Nothing to do all day long but sleep, with a naked negro boy to fan you, and eat yams, plantains and drink sarsaparilla tea and coffee that would float lead. I took to drink whenever I could get it, and there were plenty of opportunities. There was a shanty on the wharf owned by a Scotchman, and run by a negro. The sailors drunk while cargo was being stored, and as they were a liberal lot I kept pretty comfortably heated. It was the vilest stuff I ever put down and tasted like hot vinegar and pepper. Doc Jones kept telling me I was going too fast, but I paid no attention to him. It was better to be drunk in misery than awake to it. One day he told me something that nearly pulled me up.

THE CHOLERA WAS COMING.

It had been there often, and it swept negroes and sailors away like a wire broom. He told me that I was just in condition to be the first man down with it when it came. I held up for a couple of days. The negroes were all so scared that they nearly turned white. A good many of them turned their backs on the town and went up the river to the sand plains, while those left behind were frightened to death. The third day I got to drinking again, and on the fourth I let up. By this maneuvering I got my system so broken up that I was ruined. I was blue and nervous, and meek as a kitten. Just before dark on the fifth day I felt a volcano in my stomach and gave it up. Pains were just gripping in there like snakes, and the negroes took to their heels and left.

In a short time Jones came tearing in and turned me over on my back and looked at me. He brightened up, and said: "Cholera—h—ll! 'THIS'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE." He rushed away again, and was gone long enough to let me experience how Sicily must feel with that volcano tearing up her belly every now and then. He came back in about half an hour with a bottle full of a brown mixture, and, pouring a little of it in a glass of water, gave it to me. I took it, and asked if it was opium.

"No," he said; "it's surer than opium."

He told me then that hell was to pay; that the

negroes had spread it around that I had cholera, and those who hadn't ran away from the town were gathered in a mob on the wharf, and wanted to tie me in a hammock and put me over from a yawl. But the sailors, hearing this, had taken to their boats and scudded, afraid that a cholera patient in a boat would infect it forever.

Jones went away to quiet the apprehensions of the mob, and I lay there racked with pains and fear. Some time passed and no relief, and I began to think I had the cholera, dead sure. I reached out and got the bottle and took a swig without water.

In ten minutes I was quiet, but I heard a row outside, and then Jones broke in and fastened the door with a slam, and in a minute there was a HOWLING HELL OUTSIDE.

The negro mob was right on his heels banging at the door and demanding admission. Jones ran over to the bed and spoke to me, but I never answered. I was just swimming in rainbows and was burning up with heat. The next thing that happened was a blank, for I went off unconscious.

Jones shook me, but I was dead, and with that he left. He opened the door, but not a negro would come in. He told them I was dead and that he must have been mistaken; that I had the cholera. At this the negroes turned away and ran like deer. There wasn't an eye-ball left in five minutes. Poor Jones came back and stood there alone for awhile, and then he got scared and left. He was a doctor, too. When he got outside, though, he concluded he would give me a decent burial, and after hunting around managed to get some sensible negroes to help him. They decided to take the body up above the town and plant it in the swamp, where it would sink easily and

BE BURIED QUICKLY.

A coffin was out of the question—in fact, it was over on the impossibility shore. They rolled the sheet over me and put me on a light door and started. One negro led the way with a lantern and another brought up in the rear with a pine torch. It was three miles to the place of burial, and the way was through a jungle. It was a swamp, and mighty poor walking accommodations, but I didn't care for that. They brought up at last at the foot of a mangrove tree, and in a few minutes they had a grave dug in the mud, a few rotten limbs laid in it, and, wrapped in a sheet, I was put in and covered over with mud, sticks and dead leaves. Jones wanted to sing a Methodist hymn, but the negroes were all Episcopals and wouldn't let him do it.

All this I was told afterward, but from the time I went swimming between hell and rainbows on that bed I

DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING UNTIL I CAME TO—

I was stupidly shivering with a chill, and snorted some mud out of my nose that I had taken in at the first breath. I didn't move till I felt awful cold, and I was afraid to open my eyes, because there was water and mud above them, and I could feel water settling under my back and head. I thought at first I had been thrown into the sea, as was proposed, and with that I gave a lunge. My arms were swathed in something and so was my head and body and I sank back. Drawing my arms up in desperation, however, I felt the swathing give way, and the sheet opened (it had been just folded over me) and I sat up. It was dark as Egypt, but I felt warmer, and next I heard the hum of the d-d mosquitoes, and I knew I was in Balize. Though, to be sure, I thought they would have mosquitoes in hell, but not of the Balize breed. I was sitting up, but to save me

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

I was sitting on something hard, and there was water around and over it. I pushed the wet sheet off and made a break to stand up. I stepped out of the spot and on yielding ground, and then I knew I was in the marsh. But I couldn't see through it yet. I started to walk, and went bang against a mangrove sapling. I couldn't see how to walk. I thought of the old plan of hunting for moss on the tree to find the north. I reached out and got a big mangrove, but not a bit of moss could I feel. I staggered around for an hour, I reckon, one way and another, until I began to get accustomed to the darkness, and just as I could see a little better, light arose. It was breaking day.

Well, I was out of that swamp and in town in a short time, and when the negroes saw me they broke for the woods faster than ever. They thought I was the devil come back for them. I made for Jones but he had jumped the room, and

SO HAD THE NEGRO LANDLADY.

He was soon raised by the excitement, however, and came to see if it was me.

"What's the matter, Yates?" he asked.

"Matter!" I said. "What do these clothes say?" and I told him where I found myself and how I got out of it.

"Miraculous cure—great discovery!" he said. He told me he had given me a solution containing prussic acid. The second swig I took at the bottle had laid me out, and if I hadn't been buried alive in that swamp where the water oozed in on me I would have died. We went and looked at the bottle, and I had taken three days' medicine at one dose. So it's better to be buried alive than to die.

"How did you escape the cholera?"

"Cholera, hell! It was a false report, and never came. I escaped Balize in a Charleston rice trader, and wore my watch away."

A SENSATIONAL SCENE.

In Which an Actress of Note and Beauty, who was the Star Character, and Which Was by no Means Intended for the Public Eye, and Which the Fair One Indignantly Repudiates.

The theatrical world has been in quite a state of wonder and excitement through an "on dit" which has been widely current recently, and which tossed on its surface the name of one of the stage's leading ladies, one alike famed for her exceeding beauty as for the brilliance of her acting, and whose name, familiar to all lips, is so suggestive of mountain, wood and vale, stream and pasture land. There lives, not far from a large hotel on Twentieth street and Broadway, a lady who, having lost the supporting arm of her husband, was compelled to turn her elegant abode into a select apartment house. To her came a beautiful and charming actress whose fame was not merely local, but who was also known throughout the United States as the photographer's bonanza, her face having been made as familiar as those of Washington or Franklin through their assiduous endeavors.

Much ROMANCE IS CONNECTED WITH HER PAST RECORD.

Born in New England, married while in the first bloom of early youth, she became a mother and a widow very young constitutively. Seeking the metropolis to at once nurse her grief in secret and earn her daily bread, she became one of the most capable exhibitors of the inventor's skill in a leading sewing machine house in this city. A blank here ensues, and when next the chronicler was favored with a glimpse she was found under the aegis of one of the leading actresses of the day. Profiting by her tuition, she herself shortly enjoyed the thrilling inspiration of an audience's applause. Of all this, however, Mrs. L. was ignorant, and though not in the habit of receiving professionals as occupants of her rooms, was so captivated with the elegance, refinement and apparent high tone of the fair applicant that she agreed to receive her. She came, and her quiet, ladylike deportment, gracious manner and sweet disposition won upon every one, and shortly she was regarded as a paragon, an ideal incarnation of all that was good, of all that was most beautiful, and as a striking example of the beneficence of a

NEW ENGLAND BIRTH AND EDUCATION. Months passed by. The triumphs at a local theatre, the applause of the public, seemed to change her not; nor yet the more ardently expressed admiration of those of the other sex, who, having looked and admired, wearied to enjoy. As the snow-flake virgin before it touched the ground was she, caring not for gauds or the glitter of that which dazzles. 'Tis true, she was by no means unappreciative of the influence of dress, nor indeed of the added bewitchment which diamond earrings, necklaces, or bracelets give to their fair wearers. Among the amenities enjoyed by the occupants of Mrs. L.'s apartments was that of perfect privacy. No inquisitive eye ever sought to pierce into the seclusion of the resident's chambers; and, in fact, confident in the thorough probity of those who stayed under her roof, Mrs. L. troubled herself with little other than a general supervision.

The call boy, who by the way was a colored man, one morning rather earlier than usual last week found himself burdened with a delicate package, wrapped neatly in fine paper, tied with a silken tape, and stamped with the lover's seal of fate—two flying Cupids—while the superscription told him it was to be conveyed to

THE FAIR OCCUPANT OF THE SECOND FLOOR.

With the speed of Mercury he hid him to the chamber door, and lightly tapping, thought he heard a gentle voice which bade him come in; and thinking nothing wrong, he opened the door and entered the room, when—but a thunderbolt from Jove's promethean forged hurled ne'er sped so fast as did that riffling darkey from that dimly lighted chamber. For stretched upon the dainty couch, in all the splendor of her unveiled charms, lay the idol at whose feet he worshiped, the lady whom he had deemed incomparable, and by her side a stalwart warrior, too, with sword unsheathed as from 's sheath he drew. Mrs. L. was sitting in her private parlor, quietly stitching some article of feminine attire, when without a word of warning the call boy entered, his woolly hair on end, and his face distorted, panting for breath. He worked his arms so frantically that the lady, alarmed, rushed to the bell and was about to summon assistance, when, recovering himself, the boy, in a disjointed manner,

BEGAN TO TELL HIS STORY.

Horried, the lady at first refused to give credence to such a terrible revelation, but the boy, noting from her demeanor, that she doubted, fell on his knees and swore to the truth of what he had stated. Convinced against her will, Mrs. L. at once took steps to satisfy herself, and once more must the metre tell the tale:

"Alas for the crown that the maiden erst wore, 'Twas gone, it had perished, she had it no more."

Two hours later, after a somewhat stormy interview, in which a third party of the masculine

gender—one whose residence is said to be within a stone's throw of Madison square—took a not unimportant part, an express wagon conveyed the more material superfluities of the hitherto incomparable "Deademona" to another abode more suited, while a coupe, drawn by a pair of high-stepping bays, fulfilled the same purpose for

THE LADY AND HER GALLANT CAVALIER.

It is only fair to the charming young lady to say that she has emphatically denied the whole of the statements, characterizing them as neither more nor less than a gross attempt at blackmail. "Ever since I went on the stage," she recently said, "there have been people, who, for reasons best known to themselves, have sought to injure and traduce me in every way. It is unfair that I should be subjected to such treatment. Myself and my young lady friend live together. We work very hard for the means of subsistence. Our pleasures are few, so few, indeed, that, like angels' visits, they are seldom enjoyed by us. What purports to be a sketch of my life is almost entirely untrue. I will give you the facts and you must judge for yourself. I was born in Connecticut and certainly was married and afterward divorced, but not while I was very young. I never was a mother, nor did I come to New York in order to nurse my grief in secret. I went to Newark, N. J., and worked in a factory at \$6 per week. Then I came to New York, and through means of a letter of introduction to a leading actress, was received in her home, where I remained for over two years as a member of her household. During this time I studied every hour in order to perfect myself in my profession. After a year I occasionally took a part in private theatricals and made my first public appearance at the Union Square Theatre, where I acted for two consecutive seasons. My parents, both advanced in years, live in Connecticut, where we are known to all, and myself and my two sisters visit them every year, and I would not for all the untold wealth of India do anything that ever would bring a shade of sorrow o'er their declining years. Such is my statement. It is true, so help me God."

John Reilly, a Fire Department Hero.

[With Portrait.]

In our preceding issue we gave a portrait with a few remarks concerning the gallant, though untimely death of John W. Irving, a hero of the fire department, who had just lost his life in the public service. We are compelled to supplement it this week with a portrait and sketch of another hero-martyr, John Reilly, of Engine Company No. 17, who lost his life in the undaunted discharge of his perilous duties at the disastrous conflagration at the corner of Broadway and Grand street, on the night of January 14. Reilly was formerly attached to Engine Company No. 20 and had been on duty with No. 17 only a month.

Reilly died the death of the heroic firemen, those fearless men who reflect credit upon the organization they belong to and have won for it the fame of being the finest body of the kind in the world. When the blaze-seamed walls on Grand street began to belly and waver, while the flames poured from every window like the projected hydra-heads of the reportorial "demon," Reilly was urged to leave his post. But he refused until he saw the destruction already swooping down upon him—tons upon tons of blistering iron and crackling stone, with a background of sparks skurrying up to the stars. Then he turned and ran; but it was too late. On the corner of Grand street he was overtaken and killed instantly. One of the morning papers says: "It was fifteen minutes after the wall fell before his body was discovered, and then it was found crushed to a mass. Both arms were spread out, his right leg was doubled up under him, and his head was lying over the edge of the wall, partially cut off. He was an old fireman of the Volunteer Department, and always became very enthusiastic at a fire, many times placing himself in the most dangerous positions, and was always called 'Black Jack.' He was about forty years old, and lived in Delancey street. He leaves a wife and four children."

Chicago Badger Operators.

[With Portrait.]

In the latter part of December a New York salesman, named Griffin Skinner, while in Chicago, met on the street two women, named Belle Hamilton, twenty years, and Sarah Howard, twenty-one years of age. The drummer, who traveled for a large New York hardware house, succumbed to the attractions of the two women, invited them to an oyster supper in a well-known restaurant on Clark street, known as the Tivoli, after which the trio proceeded to an assignation house, where the New York drummer was put to bed in a state of intoxication. When he awoke in the morning he was minus a gold watch, valued at \$150, and above one hundred dollars in cash. Detectives Ryan and Londergan, of the Central Station, took the case in hand and arrested the women, both of whom, after a hearing before Judge Morrison, where they pleaded guilty, were held in \$1,000 each to answer in the Criminal Court. Portraits of the two women appear on another page.

THE COBB CASE.

Conclusion of the Extraordinary
Norwich Poisoning Trial, with
an Unexpected Verdict.

FOUND GUILTY

Of Murder in the Second Degree after
the Very Curious Jury Practice
Peculiar to Connecticut.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

NORWICH, CONN., January 17.—The trial of Mrs. Kate M. Cobb was brought to a conclusion at midnight last night, with the return by the jury of a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, very much to the surprise of every one, a disagreement, if not an acquittal, having been generally anticipated.

The feature of the trial was the appearance of Mrs. Cobb on the witness stand, through Bishop's extraordinary evidence accusing himself of complicity in a series of abhorrent crimes and his terrible implication of the woman who, from his own statement, had risked everything for him, rivaled it in interest at the time.

Punctually at nine o'clock on the morning of her cross-examination High Sheriff Bates, in buff-colored vest, with brass buttons and blue coat, rose behind his desk in the corner of the bar and called "Oyes, oyes, oyes," &c., in a loud voice. His words had hardly died away before a deputy sheriff entered from the side door at the opposite end of the room, escorting on his left arm a tall, willowy figure in black, the bowed head surmounted by a thick black veil. Both walked composedly and amid chilling silence to a vacant chair within seven feet of the jury, into which the black shape dropped with a quick, despairing gesture. Veiled she sat, and absolutely motionless, until the court crier called "Kate M. Cobb!" Then she arose, and with modest, demure step glided toward the witness box. The raising of the veil would surprise no one who had been accustomed to hear of the accused wife's harsh, domineering temperament. Instead of a strong, hard face, unrelieved by pathos or sentiment, there is a pleasant, though careworn countenance, a modest dignity, blended with reserve, and a manner

BY NO MEANS FORWARD OR PERT.

State's Attorney Waller has a way of repeating the word "Madam" frequently when confronted by an interesting female witness, and on this occasion the "madams" were even more numerous than ever. The cross-examination did not shake the prisoner materially, though it brought out in strong relief the alleged improbable parts of her story. She said:

"My husband used to call me 'Pat.' He called me that name in the presence of Mrs. Peckham. Don't know whether he ever called it in the presence of my father or mother. On the 18th of January there was an 'O. D. I.' ball. I left it alone. Mr. Webster Park assisted me to the sidewalk. I met my brother on Central Walk; it was between nine and ten o'clock. I was half a mile from home. I went on home alone."

Q.—Did you meet Mr. Bishop on the way? A.—No (emphatically). My husband was at the ball. On my way home I met Mr. Cray. He walked with me to within a block of my house.

Here Mr. Waller tried to corner the witness on the price of the mirror given by Bishop to her, but Mrs. Cobb answered his questions coolly and demurely, and

WITHOUT MAKING ANY MATERIAL SLIP.

The witness continued:

"It was the tea brought by Bishop that made my husband sick. He only tasted it, and did not drink it. I don't remember saying anything about the tea to the coroner's jury. The Call-saya bark and phosphate of lime taken by Mr. Cobb produced nausea. Mr. Cobb got the Call-saya bark himself. Don't know whether Bishop had any opportunity to put anything in the Call-saya bark before it came home."

Counsel for the state repeated the answers to many of these questions after the witness, in a satirical voice, but without embarrassing Mrs. Cobb in the least. She continued:

"I never told Cobb about the article in the *Bulletin* of February 13th, on arsenic. He must have found it out himself. We took the paper regularly, and he may have seen it while calling at the house. The bedroom up-stairs, to which Bishop refers, had no bed in it; the bed and furniture had been removed to make room for my mother. The room had no furniture in it for two days. When I spoke to Mrs. Bishop about divorce, I spoke in a playful manner; I said I had no occasion for divorce, but perhaps she might have."

Mr. Waller (sarcastically)—And all this was entirely playful on your part?

Witness (composedly)—It was.

The bushy hair on the state attorney's head

bristled up with unusual acerbity, as he tried to corner the witness on her previous

DECLARATIONS AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Mr. Waller labored strenuously for five hours and ten minutes, but without material effect.

Witness continued in reference to her husband's sickness. The state's attorney paused, and then in a caustic manner asked, "You were very much concerned about your husband's health, were you not?"

Mrs. Cobb's face was passive as marble for a few moments, and then a slight tinge of red irradiated her pale cheeks. Her lips trembled, tears came to her eyes as she answered in a faltering voice, but with emphasis, "I truly was, sir." She applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and then with more emotion than before, continued, "I said nothing about it directly after his death, because I was up-stairs sick in my room, and no one asked me."

At ten thirty-eight the prisoner gathered her skirts about her and swept off the stand and down to her seat alongside of the two women in the rear of the counsel. Her face wore a look of relief, natural enough after the exhaustive wringing of the past hour and a half. A demure young woman in a jaunty Alpine hat, with a gold chain and a locket around her neck, came up and chatted pleasantly with her, and for the first time a smile appeared on the prisoner's

CAREWORN BUT ATTRACTIVE FACE.

Then her white-haired counsel congratulated her on her admirable bearing on the witness stand, whereat she blushed modestly and smiled again, in a touching tearful sort of way.

The testimony in the case was concluded on the 14th, and argument begun by Colonel Ripley for the state. He was followed by Mr. Thresher for the defense, who occupied a portion of the next day and was succeeded by State Attorney Waller. Colonel Wall finished the day for the defense, completing his argument on the 16th at half-past three, when the jury was charged by Chief Justice Park in a forcible and impartial address of an hour's length. No exceptions were taken to it by either side.

At ten minutes past five the jury retired, and, for the first time in the history of criminal trials in this state, the twelve good men and true partook of a lunch in the jury-room.

The anxious crowd in the court-room heaved a sigh of mingled relief and expectancy when the arguments were all over and the jury went away to deliberate. A prompt verdict was hardly expected, and no one seemed surprised when an hour had passed without a word from the chamber of fate. Another hour; a third and a fourth went by and still the court-room was crowded. The black-robed figure of the prisoner remained perfectly still. Her friends who sat with her seldom moved except to encourage her with a gesture of hope or

A SYMPATHETIC WHISPER.

At ten o'clock the jury were called in. They had been out five hours. The clerk called the roll and the foreman announced, "No agreement has been reached." They evidently expected to be dismissed, after the usual Connecticut custom, but Judge Culver again sent them out, and they fled back to their room with great dejection. It was rumored that the jury stood seven for acquittal and five for conviction.

It was within a few minutes of midnight when the jury filed slowly into the court-room. This time everybody could see they came with a verdict. The greatest excitement prevailed, while the usual formalities were gone through. A whisper could have been heard through the room when the question was asked, "Have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," was the response.

"What say you, gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty of murder in the second degree," replied the foreman.

The friends of the prisoner who had hoped for a disagreement at the worst, crowded around her and endeavored to console her. She sobbed bitterly, and for the first time since the trial commenced seemed utterly broken down with grief. The general sentiment was about equally divided between surprise and satisfaction at the result. Few people had expected any other result than a disagreement.

Another Mollie Swung Off.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., January 16.—Martin Bergin was hung here at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock this morning, for the murder of Patrick Burns, at Tuscarora, Pa., on the 15th of April, 1870. He is the nineteenth of the Mollie Maguire gang hung for murder in this state. Two others—Peter McMannus and John O'Neill, the murderers of Herron at Shamoakin in December, 1875—are yet to be dealt with.

The culprit mounted the scaffold quickly and with a firm step, smiling faintly as he turned toward the sheriff. On being asked whether he had anything to say, he replied, "I have nothing at all to say. I will die like a game man. That is all I have to say." After the rope had been adjusted on his neck and the cap was on his face, he called after Warden King, who was leaving the scaffold, to come back and shake hands with him. This was done, and at ten-forty the drop fell, and only a few convulsive movements were perceptible.

VANDERBILT'S VELOCITY.

The Railroad Magnate's Lightning Team, Lyssander and Leander, with his Dashing Cutter, got up a Thrilling Collision with a Family Sleigh on the Celebrated Drive near Gabe Case's Hotel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When William H. Vanderbilt dashed along Central avenue, near Gabe Case's hotel, at about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th, with his renowned chestnuts, Lyssander and Leander, whizzing him in a light cutter at a racing speed, the sleighs in front of him gave him a wide berth. The interest that had been excited in the spirited contest of road horses and sleighs between Case's and Ormsb's, where the road is in the finest condition known for many years, was immediately diverted toward the well-known roadsters, who are, it is believed, among the fastest in the world. Mr. Vanderbilt was immediately observed to be tugging at the reins, and the spirited animals were getting the advantage of him. Fortunately, as he passed the hotel, the throng of horsemen who had been speeding their trotters were taking a rest, so that he had

NOT OF THE ROAD TO HIMSELF.

But just south of Case's there is a small hill, and Mr. Vanderbilt could not see, and the throng could not see, a family double sleigh, drawn by two bay horses, going up the hill toward Case's, and in the opposite direction to Mr. Vanderbilt, at a leisurely gait of about eight miles an hour. The family sleigh was owned and driven by Patrick Sheehy, who keeps a liquor store at Eighty-third street and Second avenue. On the front seat with him was Mrs. Myers, a friend, and on the back seat was Mrs. Sheehy and Mrs. Herman, the latter a friend living at 1,589 Second avenue, who weighs at least 275 pounds. A child sat between the two on the back seat.

Of course the two sleighs met on the top of the hill. Mr. Sheehy was on the right side of the road, where he belonged, and, as the road is about 150 feet wide at that point, Mr. Vanderbilt had plenty of room to pass, if his horses had been under control. A thrill of terror ran through the throng of onlookers when the imminent

DANGER OF A COLLISION BECAME APPARENT.

Mr. Vanderbilt's horses, it was seen, were running in spite of his violent efforts to prevent it, directly for Mr. Sheehy's sleigh, so that at the instant of the collision many persons were on the way to render any requisite assistance that it was certain would be needed.

Mr. Sheehy saw at once his danger, and instantly pulled his horses over to the curb, and their forefeet were actually on the sidewalk when Mr. Vanderbilt and his wild couriers, coming in a diagonal direction, swept down upon him. The nose of the night horse struck Mrs. Myers and knocked her over against Mr. Sheehy, throwing him from his seat. The next instant Mrs. Herman was struck and thrown over the back of the sleigh, striking on her shoulder all in a heap in the road, just as Mr. Vanderbilt's cutter dashed against the side of the sleigh, causing the whiffletrees of both vehicles to break. Mrs. Herman had a narrow escape from being run over, as the cutter, which was going at a fearful rate, shot by her so closely that the fur of her seal skin sacque was cut by the runners. Mr. Sheehy, however, soon got his horses under control, and no one else in his sleigh was hurt. Mr. Vanderbilt's horses continued straight ahead until they were brought up by the fence, and at the same time Captain Killilea and his aids

ASSISTED IN SECURING THEM.

Mrs. Herman received such a shock that she was at first unable to rise, but she was soon assisted to the sleigh, and although considerably bruised was not seriously injured. As soon as he could, Mr. Vanderbilt, who was thrown out by the collision, went back to the party and at once acknowledged that the fault was his, and that he would pay for the damage that his horses had caused. Mr. Vanderbilt's horses were taken to Case's, the whiffletree of his sleigh was repaired and he drove home a little shaken up by his fall, but not seriously hurt.

Mr. Sheehy also got his whiffletree repaired and drove home with his frightened load. He said that he knew that Mr. Vanderbilt did his utmost to avoid the collision, and that he had come up like a man and taken the blame upon himself.

Mrs. Herman complained much of her bruises and the effects of the fright. In the midst of her pain, however, she was full of solicitude for her new seal skin sacque, which is

BADLY DISFIGURED.

She could not tell how she was knocked out of the sleigh. All that she could recollect was that she saw the furious horses running toward her and she thought that the whole party would be killed. She could not tell whether she was knocked out by the horses or rolled out by the collision of the two vehicles. She evidently did not know Mr. Vanderbilt, and she was gratified on learning that he was well able to pay for all the damage done. Her eyes were blackened, her teeth were jarred and her shoulder was badly bruised.

Mr. Vanderbilt treated the affair lightly. His horses were not injured, and on his return home he told his coachman that they had been a little wild and that he had better take good care of them.

The collision caused excited comment in the railroad hotel, and the persons at Case's who witnessed it united in declaring it a very lucky and narrow escape. Mr. Sheehy good naturedly remarked that he could boast of having passed Mr. Vanderbilt's team on the road, although he hoped that the next time he met him he would be going the other way.

A Pious Toper's Little Game.

Cincinnati Saturday Night: He was a stern, austere looking man, and when he walked into a store where "wines and liquors for family use," were advertised for sale, he gazed carefully around before making known his wants. Then he called the proprietor to him, and leaning over the counter, inquired in a low tone if he had any whisky he could positively recommend to families in cases of sickness. The proprietor stated, in a subdued though no less confident voice, that he had. He had used it, he said, in his own family, during critical periods of illness, and he hadn't the slightest hesitation in recommending it, even though the applicant were the President of the United States.

"I am thus particular," explained the austere man, "because it is rarely that I have anything of an intoxicating nature about my house, and never then except in cases of the direst necessity."

"I understand," said the liquor man, nodding approvingly; "I am a good deal that way myself, although in the business."

Then he took a bottle out of the case that stood on a high shelf, and dusting it off carefully, almost fondly, because the whisky it contained was so very rare, handed it to the man, with the remark that he might take out a search warrant and hunt through all the private cellars in Burbon county without being able to find its superior.

"I don't know anything about it," said the stern customer, with an impatient wave of the hand—"don't ever drink it myself, and can only take it on your recommendation. My wife, you see, is very bad with sore throat, and—"

"Capital thing for sore throat," said the proprietor, rolling the bottle up in a piece of brown paper. My wife tried it for that not long ago, and it did her a world of good."

"Can't you put it in a different looking parcel?" asked the austere individual. "I don't like to be seen—"

"Oh, of course, got just the thing for it here; look like a package of thread, or something of that kind," and he put it in a square paper box that fitted it exactly."

"My wife has tried everything for that throat of hers," said the severe man, as he counted out the change, "and I thought may be a little ardent spirits just as she went to bed—"

"Nothing better in the world," interrupted the supplier of family disturbs—we mean wines and liquors.

"You see," said the man, placing the parcel in the inside pocket of his overcoat and buttoning the coat carefully around it, "I abhor anything of an intoxicating nature, but in this case—"

"You do perfectly right," said the dealer, opening the door for him. "An ounce of whisky—I mean of prevention—is worth a pound of cure."

"She's so delicate," pursued the austere one, "catches cold with every change of the weather. Things I wouldn't notice at all make her down sick. I am afraid she's not long for this world," with a pious cough.

"The weather is very bad for delicate constitutions," suggested the liquor man.

"Especially for hers," added the person of austerity, about to step out. Then he turned as with a sudden thought and said, "I suppose if I give it to her with hot water and a little sugar it will be all the better, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, much better. Don't forget the hot water and sugar."

The liquor dealer turned to us with a smile as the man left, and said, "Wonder if that man thinks he is humbugging anybody. But that is the way some folks get their whisky."

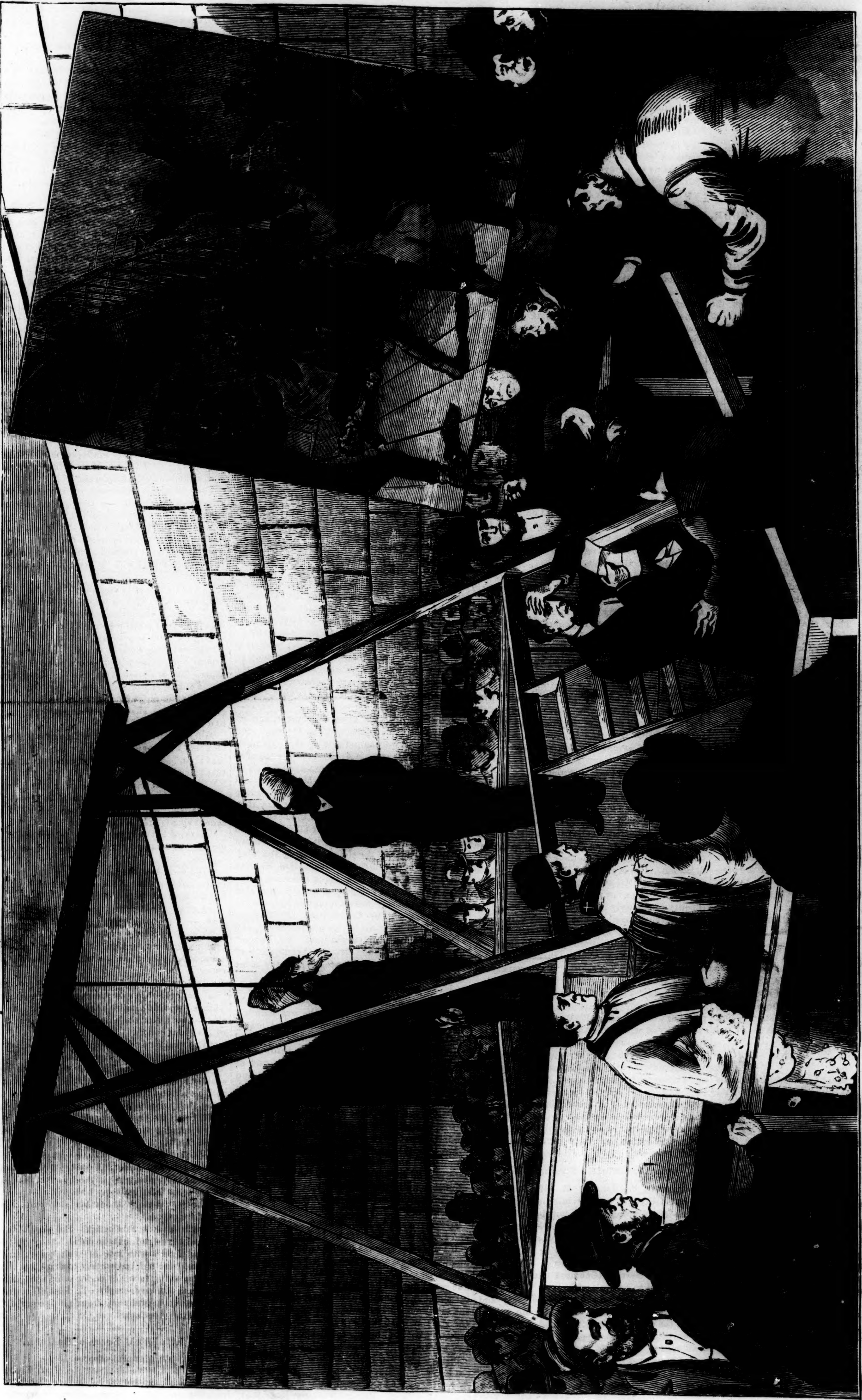
"Wasn't that story about his sick wife correct?" we asked.

"Sick wife! sick fiddlestick. He hasn't any wife, and never had, but he doesn't know that I know it. I meet with lots of such cases; men who come here and buy whisky to drink on the sly, endeavoring to veil it under some such thin pretense as that man employed. Lots of bogus temperance men and pious frauds in the world." It certainly does appear so.

Frightful Fall From a Balloon.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., January 8.—Prof. Henry Dirk, while attempting a balloon ascension at Jonesboro, a few days since, fell from the trapeze, a distance of one thousand feet, and was instantly killed.



EXCITING SCENE AT THE EXECUTION OF McDONNELL AND SHARPE, THE CONDEMNED MOLLIE MAGUIRES, UPON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE REPRIEVE, JUST AFTER THE FALL OF THE TRAP, AT MAUDOH CHUNG, PA., JANUARY 14.—BRUTAL MURDER OF GEORGE K. SMITH, AT AUDENRIED, PA., ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 5, 1861, THE CRIME FOR WHICH McDONNELL AND SHARPE WERE HANGED.—See Page 10.



HEROIC ACTION OF OFFICER MICHAEL GORMAN, WHO DASHES INTO A BLAZING BUILDING AND RESCUES TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AND THEIR MOTHER FROM THE FLAMES, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 4.



FRIGHTFUL FALL OF HENRY DIEK, A BALLOON TRAPEZIST, WHO LOSES HIS GRIP ONE THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR, JONESBORO, ARK.—SEE PAGE 7.



MISS SUSIE JONES, A PIONEER'S PLUCKY DAUGHTER, PURSUES AND TRES A GIGANTIC CATAMOUNT AND SUCCEEDS IN KILLING THE FEROCIOUS BEAST AS IT MAKES ITS FATAL SPRING, IN STANISLAUS COUNTY, CAL.—SEE PAGE 5.

A TARDY TELEGRAM.

Which Proved Slower than the
Proverbial Slowness of Justice in
the Case of the Condemned

MAUCH CHUNK MOLLIES.

While the Messenger of Life Hammers
at the Jail Walls, the Mission of
Death is Executed Within.

THRILLING SCENE AT THE GALLOWS.

[With Illustrations.]

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., January 14.—James McDonnell, alias "The Hairy Man," and Charles Sharpe, variously known as "Slippery Sharpe," and "The Scrapper," who were hanged in the jail-yard here to-day, for the murder of George K. Smith, were among the most lawless and criminal of the men who terrorized the town of Audenried and the surrounding country in the days when the Bucks—predecessors of the Mollie Maguires—were at their zenith of their power. Audenried is a mining village in Carbon county, about twelve miles from Mauch Chunk, and has a population of about one thousand souls. It had just about the same number in 1862. Then the Audenried colliery, belonging to the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, was operated by George K. Smith & Co. George K. Smith was superintendent of the colliery and George W. Ulrich was his confidential book-keeper. There were

MANY NOTED MOLLIE MAGUIRES THERE.

Among their leaders were Jack Kehoe (since hanged), "The Hairy Man," McDonnell (hanged), "Yellow Jack" Donohue (hanged), Thomas Fisher (hanged), Charles Sharpe (hanged), "Long John" Donohue (killed while attempting a burglary), "Humpy" Flynn (a fugitive from justice for his share in the Sharpe murder), and several others of like evil record. The organization to which they all belonged was the Bucks, which subsequently became known as Mollie Maguires, without any change in any other respect than name. Those fellows were all ready to kill, but very averse to taking any chances for being killed, and as one man they resisted the enforcement of the draft by every device in their power. An officer went there with some notices for drafted men in 1863, and wanted Ulrich—Smith's book-keeper—to deliver them to the men for whom they were intended, all of whom were known to him.

ULRICH WAS AFRAID TO DO SO.

He, however, said that if they were left on the counter in his office he would call the men's attention to them as they entered. That did not satisfy the officer, and he made personal service himself of some of the notices, but the others he had to leave as suggested by Ulrich.

The "Bucks" held a meeting in the woods thereupon, and resolved that it was an occasion upon which somebody should be killed. The officer they could not get at, but they concluded in lieu of him to kill Ulrich and Smith, the former because of his receiving the notices, the latter because they imagined that he, as the most conspicuous resident in the town, had communicated with the authorities and given the

NAMES OF MEN TO BE DRAFTED.

They had not enough powder and shot to divide around, so that all might share in the forthcoming sport, so they arranged that one by one should all visit the company store—kept by Smith & Co.—and get small supplies on their several accounts. Ulrich noticed the unusual run on gunning material, and suspecting that some evil purpose was entertained, ordered that no more should be given out.

But the men had already secured enough for their project, and lost no time in carrying it into execution. The day thereafter (November 5, 1863) Mr. Smith went to Mauch Chunk on business, and when he returned home in the evening went to bed sick. Ulrich had told him that there was danger in the air, but he pooh-poohed and said, "They won't do any harm to us, anyway."

That evening when he got home, his wife was greatly alarmed, and sent for Ulrich to

AID IN PROTECTING THE HOUSE.

He was up-stairs with Mr. Smith when a knock was given at the front door, and Mrs. Smith's sister, now Mrs. Hess, answered the summons. In the darkness before the door she saw two men. One was short and stout. She thought it was Evan Jones, a friend of Mr. Smith, and asked: "Evan, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me," the man replied.

"I've got a letter here from Mr. Brodhead (one of the owners of the mines) for Mr. Smith," said the second man.

"Wait a moment until I chain up the dog, or he'll tear you up," answered the young woman. She went out to a back room to fasten up a ferocious bulldog. She then went up-stairs to Mr. Smith and told him that the men said they had a letter for him, which they were under instruc-

tions to deliver to him personally. She descended the stairs and found the lower room filled with fifty men, with overcoats buttoned up about their chins, hats slouched down, and faces blackened. In great trepidation she told them that Mr. Smith was sick, in bed, and could not be seen.

Closely following her, Mr. Ulrich came down-stairs, and said, "If you wish to give the letter to Mr. Smith personally, you must come to-morrow morning, or else give it to me now."

"You want it, do you? Well, you — here it is!" yelled one of the mob,

FIRING A PISTOL AT HIM.

Another fired at Miss Fritz, Mrs. Smith's sister. She ran out screaming, into the back yard, and concealed herself. Ulrich fell and the crowd jumped upon him, struggling to kick and beat him to death; but so eager were they in the endeavor, that they interfered with each other. Mr. Smith hearing the shots and screams, ran down-stairs. As he reached the bottom, one of the assassins put a pistol to his breast and fired a load of shot into his heart. Others sprang forward, in exultant emulation, and fairly riddled the body with bullets.

Taking advantage of their intention to Smith, Ulrich, blind and covered with blood, crawled out of the room and secreted himself so that, although they sought him to complete his killing, they failed to find him. Mrs. Smith was in the library, in another part of the house, where she locked the door and sat trembling in the darkness until she heard the retreating footsteps of the assassins. She and her sister found Ulrich in his place of concealment. Mr. Smith's

CORPSE LAY UPON THE PARLOR FLOOR.

An inquest was held over Mr. Smith's body, and some pretence of hunting up the assassins was made, but owing to the disguises of the men identification was impossible. Charles Sharpe was looked for, but he could not be found. His brother was caught and taken up to Fort Mifflin, but was discharged for want of evidence. Several others were picked up and let go for the same reason.

When Jimmy Kerrigan, Charles Mulhearn and Mannus Cull, alias "Kelly the Bum," began making confessions terror spread swiftly among the assassins in the Mollie Maguire order, and many of them fled. James McDonnell fled to Nevada, to California, and then worked his way back to Rock Island, Ill. That was in December, 1877. He went to work for a farmer near Rock Island, and borrowed from him fifty dollars to send to Audenried for his wife, intending to settle in his western home. When the post-office order for that amount reached the postmaster at Audenried, he communicated the fact to Pinkerton's detectives, and, acting upon that information, Officer Gilchrist went out to Rock Island. On Christmas Day, 1877, he captured McDonnell and took him to Mauch Chunk.

Charles Sharpe fled from home when McDonnell did, but did not go so far. He

WANDERED ABOUT, IN VARIOUS DISGUISES.

He traveled through the western part of Pennsylvania, and was eventually picked up, one day before McDonnell's arrest, at Wamamie, Luzerne county.

McDonnell expected to have his crime condoned if he would turn state's evidence, as had been the good fortune of Kerrigan, Mulhearn and Cull. So when he was informed that Martin Bergen was on trial at Pottsville for the murder of young Burns, in Tuscarora, in 1871, he avowed his willingness to give important evidence against Bergen. He was taken to Pottsville, and there, upon the witness stand, made a frightful confession. He said that a man named Kane, Superintendent of the Tuscarora mine, was awinding the owners of the mine, and feared exposure from young Burns, who was a clerk and a dangerously honest young fellow. Hence, he wanted Burns killed, merely as a precautionary measure, and he hired McDonnell to do the job. McDonnell took the contract, but was too prudent to do the murder himself, when the convenient system of exchanging assassinations was so perfectly developed as it had been at that time. He got as his agents "Hatchet-faced" O'Neill, his brother-in-law; Martin Bergen, and "Darkey" Stinson, all from the neighboring town of St. Clair. He secreted them by the road side until young Burns went along; went out to meet the destined victim, and pleasantly bade him good-day; having passed, raised his hat as a signal that there was

THE MAN TO BE KILLED.

He then went on. Ten minutes later, after McDonnell was safely out of sight, Burns was a corpse, and the three assassins were skulking back through the woods to St. Clair. On that evidence Bergen was convicted, sentenced to death, and is to be hanged on the 16th inst.

McDonnell's hopes were not realized. He and Sharpe were indicted for the Smith murder at the January sessions, 1878, and were tried in the succeeding April before Judge Dreher.

Sharpe had a bad record. Since he has been in jail he confessed to several crimes. In 1863 he shot and killed a man at Jeddo, Luzerne county, by accident, he said; but it was doubted. He was one of the ten who practised up their marksmanship in the woods, in order to make sure of killing the Major brothers. He nearly

killed a mine superintendent named Maginley, by a murderous attack with a spade. He burned Dr. Wentz's barn at Eckley, and shot the doctor for remonstrating, wounding him severely. He helped plan a batch of murders to follow John P. Jones, of which William Zehner and George B. Merkle were to be the victims.

As for McDonnell, his confession of his share in the Burns murder is enough to settle the question of

HIS GENERAL DESERTS.

The vicinity of the jail was crowded this morning with persons desirous of seeing the hanging. At half-past nine Mrs. Sharpe, wife of one of the culprits, was let out of the prison. On the topmost of the stone steps she turned, with her face to the wall, praying in a tone that was clearly heard across the street, "My curse upon you, Cap. Linden. I'll never forgive you, Cap. Linden. You followed my innocent husband for eighteen months. You murdered him—I'll never forgive you, Cap. Linden." With that refrain she was led away.

Meantime Sharpe and McDonnell were preparing for death. Their last night of life they slept calmly. In the morning they partook of early mass, declined breakfast and gave themselves up to religious consolation. Sharpe bade farewell to his wife.

At ten o'clock the coroner's jury, attorneys, doctors, reporters and others were admitted to the jail, and each separate body was assigned to its respective place in the main corridor of the jail or the gallery above. The coroner's jury and doctors were

BEHIND THE GALLOWS.

A miscellaneous multitude was close in front—among them a brother of Sharpe and two brothers of McDonnell—all maintaining order. A little after half-past ten, Sheriff Randenbush, who was aware that Mr. Mehan, one of the culprit's counsel, was in Harrisburg seeking a respite, proposed to Father Bunc, who was in principal charge of the spiritual preparation of the men, that if it was deemed necessary, or even advisable, he would postpone the hanging until two o'clock. Father Bunc replied that he did not think it would be necessary, in fact he would take the responsibility of ordering that the execution should be proceeded with forthwith. Thereupon the condemned men were brought out from their cells to the gallows. McDonnell bore in his tightly clasped hands a small brass crucifix, upon which he bent his gaze steadily. He was a tall man, with broad shoulders and large frame. His long hair, almost entirely white, thrown back smoothly from his forehead, touched the collar of his coat. His beard was long, and nearly white, but the moustache above it had tawny patches and streaks. Formerly he wore his hair down upon his shoulders, and its abundance was what won for him his title of

"THE HAIRY MAN."

He was only about fifty years old. Sharpe carried a larger crucifix. He was shorter than his accomplice, of slighter mould, and his hair and small moustache were jet black.

For a few moments, both the culprits and the priests knelt and prayed. Then, as they arose to their feet, Sheriff Randenbush addressed McDonnell, asking him, "Have you anything to say before we proceed further with this execution?"

McDonnell replied, fingering the crucifix nervously, speaking rapidly and rather indistinctly, "All I have to say, Mr. Sheriff, is that me and Sharpe have often been together, and I know nothing of him but that he is as innocent as I am, and I am as innocent as the child unborn, and as far as I know he is the same. I'm as innocent as the child that is to be born yet. I owned to what I was guilty of. And I am sorry I left the true and holy Catholic Church to join any secret society."

The sheriff propounded to Sharpe the same formal question as to his desire to say anything. He fumbled at a breast pocket, whispered to Father Bunc, and brought to light a folded sheet of note paper.

"He has something he would like to read," said the priest.

Sharpe began reading very slowly, stumbling over the words here and there, hesitating, and frequently requiring the prompting of the priest, who looked over his shoulder as he read. And this is what he put forth as his

FINAL ABREVIATION OF INNOCENCE:

"I am going to meet my God, and I declare to Him and you that I am as innocent of the murder of George K. Smith as the babe unborn. I had no hand, act or part in his death. I declare to God I never had hand, act or part in any murder. Peter Sharpe swore the truth. I can swear that neither of us left the house that night of George K. Smith's murder. I'm sorry that I didn't live up to the teachings of the Catholic religion. I forgive all; I ask forgiveness of all, and I hope God will forgive me, and I offer up my death for my sins."

Then turning to McDonnell and addressing him, Sharpe said: "Jim McDonnell, you are as innocent, as far as I know, of the murder of George K. Smith as I am, and that is as innocent as the child unborn."

McDonnell reiterated: "I owned to the mur-

der I was guilty of being in, and of all others I am innocent. And I'm sorry I left the holy Catholic faith to join a secret society, and I'm

"GLAD I'M BACK AGAIN IN THE CHURCH"

Sharpe joined almost in the same exact words in the expression of joy over return to the Church, and after a moment of silence, added: "There's a paper that I gave Mr. Boyle that I thought to read, but I haven't time. I hope he'll publish it."

Had he taken time to read that paper it would have made a very material difference in the present situation of himself and McDonnell.

Prayers were resumed. Again and again the men bestowed long clinging kisses upon the crucifixes. Then they kissed the priests, and were gradually moved back to their respective stations, facing each other, beneath the nooses.

"Father, let me say one word more," appealed Sharpe to the priest who was at his elbow, urging a formula of prayer upon him. With a little demur the asked for permission was given, and Sharpe said:

"I have but a few words to say, I give my best regards to the sheriff, Mr. Randenbush, and his wife and family, and to Mr. Armbruster, the deputy sheriff. They have acted very decent with me ever since I came into the prison."

McDonnell exclaimed: "And I, also, the same." Then the sheriff and his assistants began the work of arranging straps upon the legs and handcuffs upon the wrists of

THE DOOMED MEN.

While they did so the priests continued to pray. McDonnell looked down to one of his brothers, standing near the gallows, and indicating by a glance at Father Henien, who stood at his elbow, said, *sotto voce*, "Pay this man five dollars."

The deputy who put the noose over McDonnell's neck, bungled the job and had to draw it off twice to rearrange it. At length the sheriff went to his assistance and had to pull it over the man's head and arrange it under his beard a third time to get it properly fixed. Both culprits prayed audibly as the white caps were drawn over their heads, and their voices sounded clear and strong in the oppressive hush as the priests, the sheriff and his aids glided from the platform. McDonnell at that moment could be seen trembling, but there was no movement in Sharpe's erect figure. The next instant the spring beneath the fatal trap was loosened by a pull upon a rope led to the hand of some person concealed in an adjoining cell, and both bodies plunged downward, the ropes tautening

WITH A SICKENING THUD.

That was exactly at 10:42. Around and around the bodies spun, as the new ropes straightened their strands. McDonnell hung like a dead weight, without sign of life or motion, but Sharpe drew up his nether limbs, and strained at the bonds upon his wrists with convulsive struggles. These culminated in a most remarkable fit of violent shivering; an agitated tremor that shook the whole gallows.

"Stop that ringing," the sheriff ordered. "Let an officer see who it is, and either make him cease or arrest him."

The officer went to the door. A moment later he came hurrying back, elbowing his way through the crowd, and holding aloft an envelope. All who noticed it saw that it was a Western Union Telegraph envelope.

He gave it to Sheriff Randenbush, who tore it open, glanced at contents, and gasped:

"A RESPIRE!"

Paling with excitement, he dazedly passed his hand over his eyes and brow, and read again.

"Both men are dead," whispered one of the doctors to him. For a brief moment men's hearts seemed almost to stand still in their contemplation of the fearful reality of this terribly dramatic situation.

One of McDonnell's brothers, a large, white-haired man, first recovered himself. In loud and incoherent words he cursed his brother's murderers. "A Pontius Pilate crew" and "hounds of hell," he denominated them.

"It isn't them as is the murderers," he shouted, waving his hand toward the swaying corpse, "but the murderers is about us, Glory be to God! I don't blame you, sheriff—you had your duty to do, and you done it—but them men was murdered, them innocent men."

Another of McDonnell's brothers and the brother of Sharpe joined their voices to his and vied with him in their

FRANTIC EJACULATIONS AND DENUNCIATIONS.

"Hell's curses upon Captain Linden, the murderer of my innocent brother," exclaimed one.

"They're in the bosom of God, but his soul will roast in hell," responded another.

"The reprieve was here long before the men were hanged, and it was held back on purpose," averred one in his self-stimulated fury, and the others believed him.

In vain for some time did the priests strive to calm the frantic men. In vain did the sheriff show them conclusively that the telegram did not reach his hands in time. In vain did those about them of their friends seek to console them.

Some of the spectators in the background, who had not heard the words, "A respite," the key to

all this remarkable scene, began to clamor, "What is it?" "What is the matter?"

The sheriff, steadying his voice as well as he could, but evidently under the influence of strong feeling, announced loudly: "This respite came at 10:37; was received at the Mauch Chunk office at that hour."

"A respite for both men?" queried a voice from the gallery.

"Yes," he answered, "a respite for both, to Monday, the 20th; and it wasn't delivered until AFTER THE MEN WERE DEAD."

The bereaved brothers broke out afresh with curses and denunciations.

Father Heinen said loudly to them and to the reporters: "The sheriff said he would wait until two o'clock if we wanted, and I told him, 'No, it was no use.'"

Gradually the spectators were persuaded to go away, and the bodies, lowered from the scaffold into their coffins, were taken away. Sharpe's corpse to Wanamie, Luzerne county, and McDonnell's to Lowrytown, Carbon county.

As the throng filed through the front door of the jail, they passed in the vestibule a group of women. One of them was the widow of Charles Sharpe. Another was the widow of James McDonnell, who held by her side two little girls, her daughters. Her little flock of fatherless children numbers five. She had not seen her husband for weeks and he had had not seen his children for six months. She arrived from her home in Tuscarora in time only to reach the jail door when the noose was already about her husband's neck, and then she was refused admittance. So she waited to receive his body in its coffin.

The plea for delay urged by Mehan, the culprit's counsel, was that a decision was not reached upon the constitutionality of an act restricting appeals to the supreme court to a certain limited time, and that decision is expected by next Monday. He saw Governor Hartranft late on Monday night, and the despatch to the sheriff shows

WITH WHAT SUCCESS THAT PLEA WAS URGED. The following is the exact text of the telegram, with the additional endorsement made of "Received at 10:37."

HARRISBURG, January 14, 1879.

J. H. Randenbush, Sheriff Carbon County: I have respiteed McDonnell and Sharpe until Monday, the 20th inst. The respite will be forwarded by next mail, and you will suspend execution of your present warrant on receipt of this telegram.

J. F. HARTRANFT.

Mr. John Martin, the manager of the Mauch Chunk office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, says that he in person received the message and ran with it all the way to the jail, reaching there in three minutes from his office. If he timed his run aright, he made very good speed, for the way is long, all up hill, and just now very slippery. Upon reaching the jail he sent a boy to make a violent ringing at the door while he battered at the window, in the hope of the quicker calling attention. But just then all inside were looking at Sharpe's death agonies, and the manager could not reach the sheriff with the message until the men were dead.

LAW IN ALASKA.

Curious Recital of a Brutal Murder and its Informal Punishment in a Portion of the Domain of the Republic that is Without Constituted Authority.

WRANGEL, Alaska, December 20.—There is in no civilized country under the sun (save our own) but that provides protection by law and otherwise for its subjects, even in the remotest parts of its dominions. The Territory of Alaska is a vast domain, containing millions upon millions of acres and thousands of inhabitants. The only territory in our great Union without law, and the only one, not alone self-sustaining, but actually producing revenue to the General Government. There has been unbounded encouragement for crime in every shape, owing to the absence of any law whatever, and that murder, arson, rapine and robbery have not run wild and devastated the whole country and community is simply because the inhabitants, fortunately, are peaceable and respectable. Fort Wrangel is situated on Wrangel Island, in this territory, and contains in the winter season a population of about 500 whites, consisting of store-keepers, miners, etc., and 1,000 Indians. It is the depot or seaside departure for the celebrated Cassiar Mines of British America. The United States troops were removed to less useful though more pleasant quarters some two years ago, and the only Government official is a Deputy United States Collector, who, if defied, would have

NO MORE POWER THAN A SICK CHILD.

On or about the 8th of December last, a dispute arose between one West and Mike Powers relative to a piece of water-front in the town of Wrangel; this dispute led to blows, and West, being the weaker man, was frightfully beaten. Amongst his sympathizers was John Boyd, who openly expressed his indignation, and, according to report, threatened the life of one or two of Powers' friends. On the night of the 13th, his threat culminated in the shooting of Thomas O'Brien in the billiard saloon and "hurdy-gurdy" house. It seems that one or two men,

who had become incensed at the threats made by Boyd, accosted him in the saloon.

A quarrel ensued. When they separated Boyd left the saloon, and, returning in a few minutes, dared any one around "to lay a hand on him now." O'Brien, being present and intoxicated, approached Boyd, and in the most friendly manner took hold of his coat, saying: "You would not hurt a friend of mine?" Whereupon, and before another word was uttered, Boyd drew a pistol and shot him through the heart, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

He then attempted to fire again, but several rushed up, knocked him down, disarmed and bound him, Boyd exclaiming, "I've sent one of the _____ to hell!"

Lynch law was then the cry; but the counsels of the less excited prevailed, a committee was chosen, and it was then decided to grant Boyd a fair and just trial on the following day. Three judges (consisting of the most respected citizens) were appointed, and attorneys selected on both sides; after much challenging a jury of twelve men was empaneled; many witnesses were examined, eliciting no testimony favorable to the prisoner, but everything conclusive of a diabolical, unjustifiable murder. He was found guilty and the dread sentence, "Death by hanging," was pronounced. The morning of the 16th was the day set for the execution. The scaffold (erected directly in front of the scene of the murder) was roughly made, but strong and very practical, having a spring trap and a fall of four feet. The morning of the execution was a bright and beautiful day. Boyd was looked upon as being dangerous, having been engaged in several disgraceful broils at Wrangel and

IN THE MINES.

Nothing is known of his birthplace or relatives; he spoke of neither. Very little is known of his past history, save that in Idaho he bore a bad name and was quarrelsome. In his confession on the scaffold he expressed sorrow for the deed, saying he "had no animosity to O'Brien and did not intend to kill him; that the sentence was deserved and just."

A short while before the appointed hour Boyd asked for liquor and water, which were given him, and after smoking a cigar said, "I am ready." He followed the guard with a firm step, and at half-past nine ascended the scaffold. He was perfectly resigned and cool, and being asked if he had anything to say, merely said "he was sorry, and that he had not intended killing O'Brien." The noose was then adjusted, the black cap drawn over his eyes, and at a signal from the captain of the guard, John Boyd was launched into the dread eternity, paying the just penalty of his meretricious deed by

"A LIFE FOR A LIFE."

He died without a struggle, without a twitch of a muscle, the fall instantly breaking his neck. The body hung for an hour, and was then buried outside the limit of the Christian burial ground. The committee have notified several that their safety of life depends entirely upon their future good conduct, and warned them to refrain from engaging in or instigating any more feuds or quarrels. It is to be hoped it will have the desired effect and prevent any further trouble; and if the lawmakers of our country, instead of expending all their time in schemes for re-election, would devote a little of it in devising means to befriend their fellow-countrymen in the far off, unprotected, abandoned regions of Alaska, they would do some good for their country and gain much credit for themselves.

Three Wrecked Lives.

Seven or eight years ago, says the Louisville Evening News, there came to this city from Chicago a man who at once fell into the good graces of a certain class of people, and secured employment in his business—that of a first-class bar-keeper. He was employed at the great hotels, and was not unknown in the fashionable clubs as a man who could cunningly contrive mixed drinks, and make the wine look even more seductive than in its natural condition.

He gave his name, and told every one that he was a divorced man, one of those peculiar individuals so common in Chicago (by the way, they are getting to be pretty numerous in Louisville), and, being a handsome, bright fellow, he soon ingratiated himself into the society which he sought. After a while, he found a girl, pure, lovable and gentle, into whose ear he poured the old, old story, which so often proves a falsehood, even though it is lived out "until death do us part." She believed him and learned to think that he was her husband in deed and in truth. Her mother joined in the belief and all went well.

After a while, the man who rideth upon a pale horse knocked at the door of the gallant who had come out of the west, and the girl-wife despatched in affright to the mother of the man whom she fondly deemed her husband. As he lay upon his bed of death, gasping day by day his life away, the mother came and with her came a wronged woman, a wife who, although deserted for years, had not forgotten the love of the young and tender years when she had pledged her faith at the altar to the man who had deserted her and was dying in a far away land among strangers. The sinking man never rallied enough to recognize her, but went down to the Unseen Land wept for and honored by two hearts, either of which was too tender and true to weep for such as he. And here let the curtain ring down on the real drama of real life.

DOWD'S DOOM.

Fitting End of the Brutal New Brunswick Murderer who, with all his Faults, had the Manhood to Shield his Paramour to the Last.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., January 14.—Thomas Dowd was executed this morning at fifteen minutes past eight o'clock, in the jail yard, in the presence of thirty-five persons, including the coroner's jury, medical men, press representatives and witnesses. Last night he slept soundly. He rose at six and dressed himself. He said he had a good night's rest, felt comfortable, and, he hoped, prepared for death. He wore dark tweed pantaloons, vest and white shirt. Father Doyle arrived at half-past six and went to the room set apart for the final interview with Dowd. The prisoner's confession was received by Father Doyle, after which the sacrament of the eucharist was administered. This was followed by an exhortation and thanksgiving. Dowd said he felt perfectly resigned, and

LONGED TO MEET HIS GOD.

Dowd then, in a firm hand, signed the petition to the Governor General, drawn up at his request, in which he asserted Mrs. Ward's innocence of any participation in the murder. It prayed that she might be pardoned or the term of her imprisonment lessened.

Being now ready, the march to the gallows began, in the following order: Sheriff Paul; the condemned man, carrying a lighted candle; Father Doyle, reading the "Miserere;" the jailer and assistants. When the condemned man reached the gallows and during the execution the reverend father recited the litany for the soul departing. On his arrival at the gallows Dowd was placed under the beam. He then knelt down with the priest, who recited the "De Profundis" and the "Ordo Commendatus Animæ." Dowd's last act before the priest left him was to kiss the five wounds on the crucifix.

He then said, "I am much obliged to the sheriff and Mr. Hall and his family. They have shown me every kindness and gratified my every wish. I bid the people of St. Andrews good by. I feel very kindly feelings to the people of St. Andrews. I wish you all well."

"GOD BLESS YOU ALL."

Just after eight o'clock had struck the signal was given, and amid the awful silence that reigned the body swung into the air. There was a convulsive movement of the limbs, followed by a swaying of the body to and fro, and after the momentum caused by a sudden jerk had expended itself, the form soon became colder and the pulse gradually ceased. He died without a struggle, his neck being broken. Death seemed to be instantaneous. Ten minutes after the rope was cut Dr. S. T. Gove pronounced him dead. The inquest was immediately held, and the usual verdict rendered. The remains, by order of the authorities, were given up to the clergy of the Catholic church and buried at ten in the Catholic cemetery. The gallows was made with a swinging beam, which jerked the condemned into the air and proved very efficient.

This morning Dowd made a final statement, which is merely an extension of those previously made, asserting that he killed Ward in self-defense, and that Mrs. Ward is innocent of any participation, and that he never had

IMPROPER RELATIONS WITH HER.

If Dowd's statement is true the chain of circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted, and which seemed perfect, was entirely wrong, for Dowd asserts that he killed Ward not with his own ax, on which hair and blood were found, but with an ax Ward had. In other respects the statement is in conflict with the testimony and the theory of the prosecution.

Father Doyle said he never saw such deep repentance as was displayed by the unfortunate man; that he has displayed this spirit from the first in fact, and that he seemed to long to meet his God.

The crime for which Thomas Dowd suffered was one of peculiar atrocity, and the fact that the dead man's wife was convicted as being concerned in it, made it still more revolting. Thomas Edward Ward, the victim, lived on the post road between St. Andrews and St. John, thirty-two miles from the latter city, in a house known as the New River Hotel, which had long ceased to be more than a place where teamsters fed their horses. There Ward lived with his wife, daughter (grown up) and a child four years old, the murderer, Thomas Dowd, boarding with them. Ward suspected that an improper intimacy existed between Dowd and his wife, who was

MUCH YOUNGER THAN HIMSELF.

This produced bad feeling and frequent quarrels. On the 9th of September last Ward started about eight o'clock in the morning with his scythe for the purpose of cutting hay in a meadow a mile from his house, and never returned alive. Neither his wife nor Dowd made any search for him, and the former told three or four different stories to account for his disappearance, stating at one time that he had gone to St. Andrews, and at another that he had gone to Boston. The neighbors began to suspect foul

play and made search for the missing man, and on the 21st of September the body was found, a quarter of a mile from his own house, in a gully which crossed the road to the meadow, and distant from the road two or three hundred yards. The gully was filled with bushes, but the better to conceal the body the root of a decayed tree had been turned up over it. Two hideous wounds which completely crushed in his skull, evidently inflicted with the pole of an ax, sufficiently indicated the manner of his death.

Dowd and Ward's wife were arrested, and, after a preliminary examination before the coroner, committed for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court, in November. The evidence upon which the Crown had to proceed was entirely circumstantial and depended on a variety of circumstances which, linked together, made

A STRONG CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

The strongest links in this chain were the fact that Dowd's ax had blood upon it and a human hair, which was gray, like the hair of the murdered man, and that two or three days after the murder Dowd got Ward's scythe for a neighbor who came to borrow it, evidently bringing it from some place of concealment near where the body was found. The evidence against Mrs. Ward went to show that she was sitting with Dowd and a sharer in his crime. Many, however, thought that the evidence against the woman was insufficient. The jury took a different view of the case, and found both guilty of murder, and both were sentenced to be hanged to-day.

Dowd protested his entire innocence of the murder before his trial and until after sentence of death was pronounced upon him, but within twenty-four hours of the time he was sentenced he made the following statement to the jailer:

"I killed Ward in the valley where his remains were found. I killed him with McCarthy's new ax. Ward was on his way home with the ax and pitchfork. When we met we had some words. He made at me with the fork."

"I OLENOCHED THE AX AND KILLED HIM."

I then took him by the legs and dragged him to where his remains were found. Mrs. Ward never saw him after he left the house till she saw him dead in the woods, nor anyone else but myself."

This statement he supplemented on the following day by fuller particulars, saying:—

"I asked Ward how he was getting along haying. Ward replied, 'I haven't been haying, and will never make any more hay.' I said, 'I have been berrying.' Ward then said, 'You will never go berrying again; I will kill you,' and he made a pass at me with the pitchfork. I laid hold of him and got him down. We tussled for some time. Finally Ward promised to make up friends. We walked along the road together, and when we reached the gully Ward struck at me again with the pitchfork. I ran around the bushes and he followed me. I then seized the ax and knocked him down. I ran away a short distance; I turned, came back and finished him."

"I WAS CRAZY AT THE TIME."

Dowd also denied that Mrs. Ward knew anything of the homicide, and the persistent manner in which he stuck to this story, added to the reluctance to execute a woman, led to the belief that his sentence would be commuted. This belief was well founded, for on Saturday last a communication was received by the sheriff from the Secretary of State to the effect that Mrs. Ward's sentence had been commuted to seven years' imprisonment.

Ward was between sixty-five and seventy years of age and bore a good character, although he had been unfortunate in matrimonial affairs, for he was married twice and both his wives turned out badly. Mrs. Ward is about forty years old, a small, mild looking woman, but with plenty of animation when aroused. Dowd was forty-two years old, of medium stature, with a not very prepossessing face. He was a laborer, and at times was a good deal addicted to drinking.

The Acme of Tragic Horrors.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., January 15.—A terribly ghastly double murder was perpetrated on the Bloomstein farm, twelve miles west of Nashville, last night. The nude dead bodies of John Whitemeyer, a prominent German, and his wife were found in their bed. Whitemeyer's head and face had been battered into pulp, the whole left side of the face having been almost torn away; his undershirt was driven into his broken ribs with some rude instrument, and he had been disemboweled, the flesh having the appearance of being torn out by main force. His wife's gown was torn and tucked up in a wad under her shoulders; her breast was beaten into fragments; she had been three times stabbed in the side. These wounds had apparently been produced with a stick. She also had been disemboweled, and apparently with the same stick, which was about as large as a man's wrist, sharpened at the point. The murderers had run it across the stomach from one side to the other, and then torn the whole abdomen away. Upon the breast of the mother lay an infant of twelve months, cooling to the lifeless face. Between mother and father, sitting in a pool of blood and prattling to the babe, was a little girl, two years of age.

A Nebraska Wolf Hunt.

[Subject of Illustration.]

From numerous persons complaints of wolves have been heard during the winter, says the Hebron (Neb.) *Sentinel*, but the boldest action yet heard of was an attack by one on the calves of James Stackhouse while feeding in the corn-field a few days since. The calves running pellmell to the house attracted the attention of the family, and, as his wolfship followed clear into the yard, Mr. Stackhouse concluded to return the compliment, which he did by seizing an old musket and mounting a fleet horse, following the untoward visitor very much after the fashion of John Gilpin. Jim says it was fine sport, and kind o' exciting like. But after putting a charge of shot into the fellow with no perceptible result, with a determination to take him in, it became "raal animatin." The animal had become very much



RICHARD HUNTINGTON, ALIAS HUTCHINS, FORGER, COLUMBUS, O.—SEE PAGE 2

fatigued, but as no ammunition had been taken along, it was resolved into a rough-and-tumble tilt or no tilt at all. Jim was bent on a square tussle, and, spurring up his steed, a dash was made and a blow aimed that would have knocked the cheek off a stall-fed politician; but, alas! for human hope and expectation, the horse jumped to avoid the stroke, planting Jim's cocoon in the rich prairie soil, and standing up his manly frame for all the world like a big forked tree, while the old musket punched the ground with a determination that left only the barrel, the wolf meanwhile leaving as fast as his weary legs could carry him. Jim recovered a perpendicular, with his German very much elevated, and, after viewing the situation for a moment, started in pursuit of the enemy, harboring burning rancor within that boded extermination. The result soon proved the conclusion of the boy who was liked with the ramrod, that a gun was a dangerous thing without lock, stock or cock, for Jim marched home triumphantly with a scalp hanging from his belt.

A Big Mistake all Around.

Arkansas Democrat: Last night two buggies stopped at the Capital Hotel and two gentlemen jumped out almost simultaneously and went into the hotel, leaving two ladies in their respective buggies. One of the men came out in advance of the other, and, by the uncertain light thrown from the hotel was led aside from the actual fact in the little matter of getting in the right buggy. In a word, Mr. J. got in with Mrs. F. who were as totally unknown to each other, so far as acquaintanceship is concerned, as if one had died ten years ago in Africa, and the other hadn't been born. As married men generally do, Mr. J. drove some distance before speaking. Finally he remarked:

"I've got a corn on my toe—the one you persist in putting your foot on, too—that hurts about as bad as the com-



JIM STACKHOUSE PURSUES A DEPREDATOR OF HIS FLOCKS WITH VARYING INCIDENT BUT FINAL SUCCESS, NEAR HEBRON, NEB.

mon run of things generally do."

The lady was very much surprised and rather haughtily replied:

"You've been trying to pick a quarrel with me all day, and now, to make the matter more exasperating, you change your voice to an unnatural growl."

"It's you, madame, who have changed. My voice is natural. I am not trying to assume anything. You screech like an old gate."

"You are an old fool."

"Give me your teeth here; you shan't wear them another minute."

"Teeth! What in the world do you mean?"

But just then driving through a flood of light, the parties recognized that they didn't recognize.

"Madame," said Mr. J., stopping the horse and straightening himself up. "I hope you will excuse me, but I would like to know how you came in my buggy, and, furthermore, I'd like a little intelligence as regards the whereabouts of my wife. What have you done with her, madame?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. Get out of my buggy!"



WM. H. DURYEA, IN A FIT OF JEALOUS FRENZY, SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND FOLLOWS UP THE BLOODY DEED BY BLOWING OUT HIS OWN BRAINS, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS STEP-DAUGHTER, IN TOLEDO, O.—SEE PAGE 3.

"Your buggy! Why, madame, you are beside yourself."

"Yes, and beside yourself, which fact I deplore to such an extent that I will be forced to call the police."

"Police! police!" was shouted lustily, and when Officer Dailey came to the spot, the woman insisted on the man's arrest.

The buggy was driven back to the Capital just in time to meet another buggy, the occupants of which had a similar experience.

A Kentucky Romance.

Ten years ago, in Lewis county, Kentucky, a young lawyer named Phil Hodge married Miss Addie Sillet, amid flowers, music and hearty congratulations of friends. At early dawn Hodge left the house, and in passing out he met a servant of his wife's father, to whom he said: "Tell



BELLE HAMILTON, BADGER OPERATOR, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 6

your master I am gone forever." The new-made father-in-law, upon receiving this message, hurried to his daughter's room, where, to his amazement, he found her still in her wedding robes, with hair dishevelled and veil torn off, and in a state of great excitement. A severe spell of fever, followed, but never, in her wildest delirium, did she betray the cause of her agony, and thus it had remained a theme of conjecture ever since. To a friend the other day she, for the first time, told the cause. Here is her story:

"Lon Follet and I have been raised together, I had received most marked attention from him, but I never dreamed of marrying him, for he had a mother and sister depending upon him for a livelihood. Phil Hodge, whom I had known a few years, courted me. I accepted him, and my admiration for him tempted me to believe I loved him. The night of our wedding, Lon and I were sitting a little apart from the crowd; our conversation was only of ourselves, and I confess I then felt Lon loved me, and he was more of my happiness than I had ever dreamed. Phil Hodge overheard a few words, and saw our earnest manner. When he came to my room he found me dressed still as I was when I left the parlor, and, showing his surprise, asked me, 'What was the matter with me?' to which I answered, as indifferently as possible, 'Nothing.' We exchanged several commonplace remarks, after which he asked me, quite harshly, 'Addie, did Lon Follet ever tell you he loved you?' I answered, 'No.' 'What was your conversation to-night?' His eyes were upon me; I dared not tell aught but the truth; they seemed to pierce me through. I told the whole truth, and when I had finished, he said with coldness, calmness, and stubborn resolution, 'Addie, you love Lon Follet; he shall marry you. We will never meet again.' I begged him on my knees not to leave me, but it was of no avail. When the dawn came he kissed me good-by, and with a 'God bless you,' passed out from



PAULINA REINSCH, A NOTED CHICAGO SHOP-LIFTER.—SEE PAGE 5.

me forever. My feelings were indescribable, the room was horrible in its darkness, my mind lost its reasoning powers, and thus I passed many weeks. Through a mutual friend I heard of him



WILLIAM HARNEY, THE BRIDGEPORT, CONN., WALF.—SEE PAGE 2.



JENNIE GRIER'S ATTEMPT TO SHOOT WOOD, THE GAMBLER, WHOSE WIFE SHE CLAIMED TO BE, AND WHOM SHE CHARGED WITH DESERTING HER FOR ANOTHER WOMAN, IN DENVER, COL.—SEE PAGE 4.

often, of his wanderings, desolate life, and death upon the frontier. Well have our blighted lives paid the penalty of a false step. When Lon heard of his death he came immediately to see me. I refused to see him. Then he wrote me a long letter telling of his love, his never forgetting me

an hour these long years, and I have consented to marry him; but we will not meet till our wedding night—January 9, 1879."

On the 16th an Italian, who keeps a grocery at South Frankfort, Mich., in a quarrel with Rich-



SARAH HOWARD, BADGER OPERATOR, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 6.

ard J. Crittenden, son of Colonel John Allen Crittenden, struck him on the back of the head with an iron weight, breaking the skull. The Italian is in jail.



ORLANDO GABER, CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF GEO. L. MURREN, NEWARK, N.J.—SEE PAGE 8.



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, WITH HIS CELEBRATED TEAM, LYSANDER AND LEANDER, COLLIDES WITH A FAMILY SLEIGH, NEAR GABE CASE'S HOTEL ON CENTRAL AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE DEVIL'S POOL.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER,

Author of "PRINCE MARCO, OR THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

He was naturally dazzled by her beauty, and the incongruity of her presence in Sixtieth street, in front of the house where he lived, and especially when she carried in her hand his suit of clothes, with the cane, done up in paper, strapped to it. By using the right hand pomel of the saddle to which she strapped the parcel, she was enabled to transport it without inconvenience to herself.

Partly from custom, she turned around to see if there was any one like her groom or Arthur to give her hand rest for her foot. Such assistance was not necessary, however.

Then it was that the journalist stepped forward, raised his hat and said, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman.

"Allow me—you do not know me, but I have had the honor of seeing you before."

"Where?"

"At an Academy ball."

"When?"

"Last winter. If you remember, I described your dress."

He took out his note-book and turning it over came to the memoranda which he read. It was as follows:

"Black velvet with a touch of violet here and there. Angel sleeves. Forget-me-nots in the hair. A tiara of diamonds trembling above the blonde tresses. Train, in Princess. Young and decidedly handsome."

"I remember the circumstance," Flora replied. "My father was somewhat annoyed about it."

"You will pardon me," was the answer of the third story front, "but it was in the natural discharge of my business that I mentioned you. You do not object?"

"How could I?"

"Then permit me," He extended his hand—her petite foot rested in it. In another moment she was in the saddle.

She turned around and waved an adieu to the costumer. Then Bon-bon sprang into the graceful center that was her wont and the beautiful apparition began to vanish down the street.

"Strange," the journalist said *à propos*, "that I should meet her now when I am looking after the man who was with her on that evening at the Academy. And stranger still that she should have been with him."

Arthur Calvin came very near being a hundred dollars in his pocket. I wonder if the detective told me the truth. He may have done so. That burglary—

The reporter turned to another page in his note-book, read it, put the book in his pocket and then stood for a moment in deep thought.

"I think I'll have a kidney stew for breakfast," he added, and then suddenly entered the store.

To his surprise he found the old woman crying.

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Babette?"

"I don't know—I don't know—I am afraid something is wrong."

"About the young lady?"

"Yes. She never came alone before, except once, and never on such an errand, but used to ride up to the door and he would come in and call me out."

"Who?"

"Mr. Calvin."

"A good-looking young man?"

"No—a bad-looking one, if he is handsome."

"It must be the same," the reporter said, in an undertone, and then raising his hat, walked out.

"There's a special working up here," he remarked to himself. "I'll go down to Mulberry street and see Bob this morning. But not until I get my kidney stew."

CHAPTER V. THE DIVER.

"What did you say was the address of that diver?" asked the police captain of Sergeant Flick, on the morning after the visit of Mr. Benedick and Laura to the station-house.

"No, 1618 Leroy street."

"What's his name?"

"Jules Ange—he's a Frenchman, used to dive for pearls in the east and was employed one time to look for Spanish gold that had gone down with a ship a century ago, off the coast of Lower California. Once he had a fight with a shark that tried to cut his life line. He's a very romantic sort of chap."

All this was said as nonchalantly as if the good sergeant were reading off an auctioneer's list or coldly reciting the facts of a burglary.

"Well, we must send for him. The old gentleman will be back here shortly, and then the Devil's Pool must be searched. What is that you were telling me about money being down there?"

"I've already sent for Ange," Flick answered and then added, "The idle fellows about here have it that there is a canal boat at the bottom of the Pool, and in that canal boat the body of a woman. It was sunk in some mysterious way while the woman's husband was absent. This was many years ago. They also say—and the sergeant lowered his voice to the proper pitch for telling ghost stories—that there was a considerable quantity of gold, rather unlawfully obtained, which went down with her and that the captain, who had been using the boat as a depot for stolen treasure, lost his life while endeavoring to make an amateur diver of himself in order to reach it. All this, of course, is mere conjecture. Just as much so, in fact, as that the boat was scuttled at night, while the woman slept and the man was away, by one who had been cheated out of the woman or the money, or both."

"Did Ange ever try to get the money?"

"Not that I know of, but other divers have. You remember that one that came up almost insensible with blood spouting from his nose and ears?"

"Yes."

"Ange, the last time we employed him on that case near Spuyten Duyvel, told me that the man was a fool,

that the density of the water was not so great, but that owing to counteracting currents, and a lot more of philosophical stuff he gave me. It was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt the task of reaching the boat. Then he laughed and said he didn't believe there was any money there anyhow."

"Strange she—or he—should have jumped in there."

"Not a bit."

"Why?"

"Women are not afraid to die any more than men, but they hate this drifting about and turning up at the morgue. She knew that whatever went down there staid there."

"But how could she have known it?"

"Some one must have told her."

"Exactly, but who?"

"You tell me that," Flick replied, "and I'll tell you where she changed her riding habit."

"That's the funniest thing," the Captain said musingly, "it puzzles me the most of all, I can see how it may be possible never to find the body—and perhaps it is better for the family it never should be found."

"Fish!" the Sergeant ejaculated.

"Yes—fish," the Captain replied, "and many other dreadful things. But the clothes—that's what gets me. The men we have had out have not succeeded in finding the slightest trace of them. It is a very important clue because it will enable us to trace back to the motive which is in my opinion—"

"A lover."

Both were silent for a moment and then the Sergeant suddenly remarked—

"I was at the house this morning as you directed, and I found out why it was possible for her to dive like a man."

"Why was it?"

"She's been one of the swimming class at a private school at Long Branch. She has saved many a life, and once she swam out so far and staid so long that the entire place was in a flame of excitement. The beach was lined with people who came running from the hotels. Life boats were got ready and you might have thought the town was on fire. While all the fuss was going on she came at her ease, and when she sprang through the surf, and stood in the pretty French bathing suit before the people, as I said, they all raised a shout and the proprietor of the hotel presented her with a bouquet that he had quickly made when he saw there was no danger."

"Flick!"

"Captain!"

The old gentleman didn't tell you that?"

"No—but Dick," the groom of that pretty horse did."

The door opened and a dark-complexioned, like young man, who had every reason to consider himself handsome, entered.

"Ah, Ange—you are on time," said Flick, as the Captain nodded to the diver.

"Always ready for work," he replied, showing a gleam of white teeth, and passing a shapely hand through his dark hair.

"This is a difficult job," said the Captain.

"It is worse than difficult—it is impossible."

"How do you know? I admit, as you have said, that it is idle for amateurs to try the Devil's Hole. Have you too been looking for the money there?"

The diver started and seemed confused, and if any one had been looking they would have noticed that for a moment his face reddened.

There was one who was looking. That was Flick.

"I wonder what the devil is the matter with him," said the Sergeant to himself, "he's got a perfect right to dive there if he wants to. He wouldn't be interfering with me anyhow, or with the law."

The Sergeant, as we have intimated, was something of a philosopher and a born detective. He treasured up the recollection of the diver's agitation, trivial as it seemed, and made up his mind then and there that it had some significance.

Whether it had or not remains to be seen.

"To tell the truth, Captain," Ange at length replied, "although I just now said I was always ready for work, as I think you have always found me, I do not care to undertake a useless job. It would only be taking the old man's money."

"Where?"

"Mr. Benedick's. I read in the paper about the young lady being missing."

"But this is a young man," replied the Captain, wondering how the diver knew the real circumstances of the case, since although both the item of the suicide and that of the missing young woman had been published in the morning papers, there had been given to no one the theory linking them together.

"Who told you—"

"No one," Ange replied, before the question was framed. "I must have got the two cases mixed. You see they were both in the paragraph of news from the station."

All this time Flick continued to make mental notes and wander further into the bog of wonderment.

"I am ready," said the diver, "my dress is at the point. I brought it up on the train, left it there and then took another train back to Carmanville."

"We are waiting for Mr. Benedick," the Captain replied, but had hardly ceased speaking when the old gentleman entered.

He seemed to have aged terribly since the night before. His eyes were sunken, his form bent, and in every motion there were signs of sudden decrepitude.

"Any news," he asked, in a husky voice.

"None yet," the Captain replied, feelingly, "this is Mr. Ange, the diver. We are going over to search the Devil's Pool, men have been at work up and down the river dredging, but I have no report as yet. You still remain convinced that the suicide was your daughter?"

"I wish I could think otherwise," groaned the heart-broken gentleman, "unless—"

There he paused, but the intonation of voice showed that he was thinking of circumstances that might be connected with his daughter's mysterious absence which would reconcile him to her death.

"I have my wagon here," the Captain continued, "we will drive over. The tide serves now, doesn't it Ange?"

"Good."

The four got in the double-seated wagon, the Captain driving. In an half hour after passing through lonely lanes, with the trees arching and interlacing overhead, they arrived at the end of the road where the carriages wait for the Fort Washington trains.

It is only a short walk from here to the point, but owing to the peculiar formation of the rocky path, the narrow ledges, the smooth boulders, it has all the charm and certainly all the danger of Alpine climbing or a samphire gathering, that dreadful trade of which Shakespeare speaks in "King Lear."

The progress was slow, owing to Mr. Benedick's age and nervous exhaustion, but eventually the grassy knoll

was reached, and there, glistening in the rays of the declining sun lay the peculiar dress of the diver.

The huge copper head-gear, with its bolts and screws and attachments for life lines and breathing tubes.

The breast-plate and body costume, uncouth and heavy. The shoes with soles of lead.

And there in the cove the boat with the air-pump, the necessary ropes, etc. In this boat sat a young man—Ange's brother and assistant—the one who remained above while the diver groped in the mud and slime of the river's bed. He leaped lightly ashore, by means of a plank to which the bateau was fastened, and prepared to assist Jules in dressing.

"Not a word, Jacques," said the diver in a whisper, as he unloosened his cravat.

"Not a word," was the answer.

"I'm afraid, for the first time," Jules went on.

"Nonsense," his brother replied, "be a man. You have some reason to be now."

"But the shock! I can almost see—"

"Don't think of it."

"I wonder what they are whispering about," thought Flick; "it seems very singular. I never saw Ange in such a funk before. He is generally as cool as an iceberg. Now he's as nervous as a girl."

Two new personages arrived upon the scene, coming so suddenly from among the trees and shrubbery, although from different directions, that they seemed uncanny spirits suddenly let loose from the bowels of the earth.

One was the mute boy; the other was the negro fisherman, whose boat was further up the river and higher up among the titanic rocks.

A strongly built, almost gigantic negro, black as night, with gold earrings. His head was round and set on a brawny neck; his eyes were yellow, like those of a panther, and yet the face was not an unprepossessing one.

"Wonder what brought him here," thought Flick, and then, walking up to him, the Sergeant said:

"You didn't see that young man yesterday, did you?"

"No," he replied, in a broad southern accent, but without any distinctive peculiarities, "I only heard of it at the depot late last night."

The officer looked fixedly into the panther-like eyes and they quailed. It was occasioned by the scrutiny, perhaps. Few people can have police officers looking into their eyes and maintain their composure.

"I'll keep a watch on him," was the Sergeant's mental reflection. "He's always hanging about these woods, and ought to have seen her. And, besides, I don't like the way he seemed to weaken when I looked at him."

All this time the brother of Jules was making the diver's submarine toilet. Wrenches were used, bolts were tightened, the heavy shoes were strapped on with thongs. At last all was ready, and the good-looking diver stood there, waiting to slip into the water as soon as the lines and air tube was attached, as uncouth and fantastic a figure as was ever seen on the banks of the Hudson.

All was in readiness. The brother was in the boat, which he had brought directly over the center of the Devil's Pool. The mute, who had been employed, kept it in one position by a gentle movement of the oars.

The diver scrambled like some strange fish seeking its native element down the sloping rock, and slid into the water, which almost immediately closed over him. As he disappeared the crown of flame made by the sun striking his helmet went out as if it had been a torch extinguished in the murky waters.

The brother worked the pump and carefully watched the signal line. Bubbles rising to the surface marked where the diver was.

Ten minutes elapsed—fifteen—twenty. The silence was painful, but was at last broken by some one coming through the bushes.

It was Mr. Calvin, the same elegantly attired gentleman as ever, with the same glittering eyes too close together.

"Ah, Arthur, this is kind," said Mr. Benedick. "My poor Laura, where is she?"

"At the depot over there. She could not bear to stay at home."

"Flick."

"Well, Captain?"

"Have we ever seen that man before?"

"I don't know," the Sergeant replied, "but if I haven't I've seen one somewhere devilish like him."

"So I thought," said the Captain, "but I guess we're mistaken."

"Maybe so," Flick concluded, but still narrowly regarding the newcomer.

Thirty minutes—forty—passed, and then the signal line quivered. The process of raising the diver began. All leaned over and watched with breathless interest. Nearer, nearer to the surface, the boat drawing closer to the shore the while, and then the burnished helmet, the strangely dressed creature emerging from the water and hunting for a footing with the leaden shoes.

There was the diver and nothing else.

When the head-dress was unscrewed Mr. Benedick was the first to ask:

"You found—"

"Nothing," Ange replied.

Disappointment and relief were mingled in the old gentleman's countenance. He had been hoping and fearing. As for Mr. Calvin's face it was like a steel engraving, beautiful, cold, impassive.

The party moved toward the train; the negro started up shore; only the mute remained in the boat with Jules' brother.

The diver motioned at him.

"He can't hear," was the response.

"The money's there," Ange answered. "I had almost reached it yesterday, when—"

"Hush!" said the brother, "they may be within sound of your voice."

TO BE CONTINUED.

What They Say of Us.

Hudson Democrat, Greenfield, Hancock County, Ind.

The GAZETTE has recently been enlarged and many beneficial improvements added to it, so it is now among the first illustrated newspapers of the land.

Wilkesboro (N. C.) Witness.

The appearance of the GAZETTE is excellent, both in typography and illustrations. It is brimful of interesting and valuable reading matter. The illustrations alone are worth the subscription price.

San Francisco, Tenn., Times.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is one of the most enterprising newspapers published in this country. Its full and authentic history of the operations of the "Moon-shiners" in Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, is well worth the subscription price of the paper.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

A Story of Suicides—Some Talk with a Deck-hand on an East River Ferry-Boat.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

It was last Sunday, and I was crossing the East River. Owing to the delay in the construction of the bridge I was forced to cross by way of the ferry. The day was bleak, was drear, was desolate. A sudden area of leaden expanse melted into a lighter area of somewhat the same complexion. The Brooklyn shore and the shadow of Governor's Island, with the blue ghost of Staten Island behind, made the irregular demarcation line.

In the misty and weird distance of the bay lights gleamed. There was a cold shadow upon everything, which seemed to be of a part with the materialistic effects of the scene. The ice was crunched by the paddle wheels and thrown up against the bottom of the boat with that indescribable sound associated with nothing else on or under this earth than the rattling of the clouds of the valley upon the coffin lid.

I have heard this sound. I have stood uncovered in the rain and listened to the damp monotone of the minister, and have seen the clay-streaked ropes used in lowering the box. And I have noticed the moaning breeze shake from the weeping willows tears quite as genuine as those which fell beneath the cambric pressed to the eyes of the poor relatives who expected that they were remembered in the will.

It was something of this same gruesome awe which overcame me as I stood on the forward end of the East River ferry-boat last Sunday and contemplated the sluggish ice, and the gulls hovering against the deadening dark grey of the sky like the ghost of birds. On one side Brooklyn and Talmage; on the other New York and its slums.

And I wondered which was the worse.

The boat became entangled midstream in a floe of ice, and there came that shiver of the engine which meant that we had stopped for a moment.

Wishing to observe the spider web of the stretch of wires from tower to tower of the bridge, I stepped over the chain and leaned against the rail. Almost immediately one of the deck-hands came up to me and said:

"No, you don't. I've been watching you, young man, and you can't do it."

"Do what?"

"Commit suicide."

"But I don't want to commit suicide."

"That's what they all say, and they've fooled me too often. Only the other night a pretty girl told me she wanted to get a breath of fresh air, and wouldn't I please let down the chain. You know it's awkward to get over the chain if you are a lady."

I admitted this, and then he went on:

"She no sooner got a good chance than she threw her muff to me and jumped overboard. We saved her, but it was a tough job and the boat was eleven minutes late. When we got into the slip and thawed the icebergs off her she woke up from a sort of sleep and began to curse like mad because she was rescued. They hanged Hunter when he was limp dead with fright, here was a girl who kicked at being saved. No, sir, you don't fool me again, and that's why I brought you in."

"But do I look like a man who would commit suicide?"

"Certainly you do. You are not too handsome to live and I don't know anything about your other troubles. In any event I can't take a risk; the company finds me responsible for every gent or lady who jumps overboard, and in some weeks it amounts up extraordinarily like. You remember the time the savings banks were going up like balloons?"

"I do."

"I missed catching ten of 'em, I mean the suicides, that time and it went hard with me. I was fined of course and it knocked the old lady too. She expected a new pair of gloves, or something like that, but of course she didn't get them. Now there's my friend Culver down at quarantine—he's more on suicides than I am."

"Tell us about your friend Culver."

"I will, if I have time."

The deck hand went out, and saw that further progress was impossible that there were no suicides using the East river instead of Chariton's Ferry as the *via* to the dark country and then returned.

He took a seat beside me just under the roof of the forward part of the boat and told this story. Do not forget that his moustache was jeweled with icicles and that a keen east wind buffeted the snowy gulls that made swooping lines of light against the black sky beyond Brooklyn.

New York's front was a line of fire, with a feathery fringe of masts and rigging through which the lamps blazed romantically.

This is the story told me in the middle of the East river:

"My friend Culver," said the deck-hand, "is down at the quarantine station. He has a sort of look-out job, and is employed at a fair salary. Still a trifling increase to any fair salary never does any harm, and when there come floating into the flash of his lamp the various dead bodies that are bound to float somewhere it is a penny in Bob's pocket."

"How?"

"He tells the newspaper people and they write and telegraph up to the city."

"I see—go on."

"Sometimes Bob's mistaken—he is. One time I remember in particular. He was a little hard up, and the missus wanted a new dress. All right, says Bob, says he, there'll be a floater to-night. But there wasn't. One time he thought he saw the white face of a man coming along. It was only a peach crate that somebody had thrown over from a fruit sloop. The same luck night after night, with the missus growling at home, and the little boy wanting a new pair of shoes. It was rough on Bob, wasn't it?"

"Pretty corrugated on Bob," I answered, "but come, I want to ask you about suicides, so long as you have done me the honor of thinking me a would-be one. Do you have many jump from the boats?"

"Well, yes, a pretty good many, but not so many at this season of the year as in the spring and summer. You see it's cold, and although men don't fear death, they hate cold. There are various kinds of suicides. The nervous man is the most noticeable, and you have no difficulty in detecting him. He walks up and down, and mutters to himself. That's a sure sign. When he is done muttering he gets over the chain. Then you grab him. You have to handle a suicide as you would handle a crab. We've lost many a good boat-hook fooling after them."

The boat jarred into the slip. I awoke and took a Fulton avenue car.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and
Evil Deeds Collected by Gazette
Correspondents in all Quarters.

FOURTEEN men have been indicted for the murder of Judge Barnett, and four for the murder of Freeman, in Breckitt county, Ky.

THE trial of Mrs. Jenny Smith for the murder of her husband, Policeman Smith, in Jersey City, has again been postponed until January 27th.

ON the 11th, George Lechty, who shot and killed George Shaffer at Germantown, O., in December last, was acquitted before the grand jury.

To escape investigation of his accounts by the mayor, Francis Bennett, treasurer of Gloucester, Mass., confessed defalcation of \$5,000. Bennett has held office many years, and has long been a leading citizen.

JOHN VASSAR, a western desperado, charged with several murders and stage robberies, was arrested in Iowa and was taken of the 12th to Laramie, Wyoming, where the Medicine Bow gang of train robbers are confined.

A YOUNG woman in the employ of the Rock Island House, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, gave birth to a child on the night of the 12th, and threw it in a privy vault. She was unmarried. On being arrested she confessed the crime.

SOME of the prisoners confined in the county jail at Peoria, Ill., attempted to break out on the 12th. They were discovered in time to prevent any escaping. One of them had a finger shot off. Great credit is due to Deputy Sheriff S. L. Gill for his prompt action in the matter.

AT Homer, Texas, a man named Martin became disliked, and the citizens determined to stone him out of town. The assault was led by one Thompson. Martin returned and made threats against Thompson, and the latter took his gun, locked Martin up, and shot him dead.

AT Sheridan, Texas, a gambler named Harrison Thurman got into a difficulty with Deputy United States Marshal Walter Johnson. There had been a previous misunderstanding. They met on the street, drew pistols, and the gambler, getting the drop on Johnson, instantly killed him.

A TERRIBLE fight took place in the bar-room of Thorne's Hotel at Glenwood, L. I., on Friday night, 10th, between Thomas Lanney and Charles Fisher. During the affray knives and clubs were freely used. Fisher was cut about the head and face in a frightful manner, and it is thought he will die.

JOHN W. HULL, who absconded to Montreal with \$30,000 worth of United States bonds, purchased for him by Field & James, of this city, having paid over to the order of the firm the \$28,000 that he had when arrested in Montreal, on Tuesday, 7th, was discharged, no charge being preferred against him.

GEORGE RAINES, a fire company engineer, formerly a deputy city marshal, left Kokomo, Ind., on Friday, the 10th, for Anderson, having in his possession between \$300 and \$500 worth of notes to be collected. Since he left nothing has been heard of him, and there are fears that he has been foully dealt with.

IN Leavenworth, Kan., on the night of the 10th, a shooting affray occurred between two young lads named Fitzsimmons and Morarity, during which the former was shot in the face. The ball, passing through and taking a downward direction, lodged near the base of the neck. The ball has not yet been extracted. Both were coal miners.

IN the Lilly murder case at Berrien Springs, Mich., the counsel made the arguments, pro and con, of an hour and a quarter each. After a charge to the jury by Judge Hawes the case was given to them at twelve M., and after being out ten minutes they returned a verdict of not guilty, which was received by the audience with cheers and applause.

THE case of Charles Clarke, charged with adultery, on trial in the circuit court at Flint, Mich., has come to a sudden termination on the 11th, unexpected by the public. The prisoner did not attempt to prove an alibi, but offered evidence establishing the fact that the woman in the case was legally divorced at the time the alleged offense was committed.

IN Decatur, Ill., on Saturday night, 11th, a wood sawyer named Elijah Bevens struck a drunken man named Hawkins over the head with a heavy stick of stove wood, crushing in his forehead and producing a frightful wound, from which the man may not recover. The affair created much excitement. Bevens is in jail. The affair grew out of a quarrel.

THE trial of Troy Dye, ex-Public Administrator of Sacramento county, Cal., for the murder of A. M. Tullis, was concluded early on the morning of the 11th, the jury, after being out twenty minutes, finding a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Edward Anderson, the accomplice of Dye, was convicted, on the 13th, of murder in the first degree.

IN Galesburg, Ill., on Friday evening, 10th, Watson S. Woods drove home from his place of business, and was about opening the barn door, when two ruffians from within rushed out, knocked him over, threw themselves upon him, searched his pockets and took therefrom \$35. Mr. Woods was left unconscious, and for some time was unable to find his way into his house.

JOHN WITZ, who, together with James Gibson, is charged with defrauding the Gibbs & Starrett Manufacturing Company of Fond du Lac, Wis., out of \$5,000, and for whom a warrant has been issued for some time, appeared in that city on the 11th and gave himself up to the sheriff. He gave bail for examination on the 21st inst., and claims that he will establish his innocence.

AT New Albany, Ind., on the night of the 12th, William King, a notorious character, while drunk, went home and beat his father in an unmerciful manner. Young King has been before the Grand Jury several times but always succeeded in getting free. The officers are after King. His father, who is over seventy years of age, is reported very low, with little hope of his recovery.

Two Indian chiefs, White Owl and Quilt Ti Tumps, were hanged in Pendleton, W. T., at two o'clock on the 10th. A strong guard of soldiers, regulars and militia was on duty to prevent a possible rescue, but nothing of the kind was attempted. The chiefs were dressed in full Indian costume, and preserved throughout the proverbial stoicism of their race, both dying with the death chant on their lips.

AT Lebanon, Pa., on the 11th, the jury in the case of Nimrod Spattenhower, charged with the murder of John Iveson, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, after having been out all night. Spattenhower, who is a German tramp, stabbed Iveson with a large knife, during a quarrel in a saloon in that city, on the 21st of December, from the effects of which he died shortly afterward.

ON the 13th Mr. James Vanmeter, a farmer residing a few miles from Lexington, Ky., and a colored man in his employ, named James Bush, had a dispute about a trivial matter, which they tried to settle with revolvers. They settled Vanmeter's daughter, she happening to be in the way of a bullet, and it hit her, inflicting a dangerous and probably fatal wound. It is not known which pistol did the work.

AT Jefferson City, Mo., on the 13th, the motion for a new trial and an arrest of judgment in the case of John Maguire, found guilty of murder in the first degree for the killing of Charles Brown, was overruled and the prisoner sentenced. His sentence is that he be hanged on the 28th of February. The prisoner received the sentence with entire indifference. His counsel have leave to file a bill of exceptions and take the case to the Supreme Court.

A DESPATCH from Eagle Pass, Texas, says: Colonel Mandantes Sanchez and Zuniga, of the 12th Mexican cavalry, had an altercation at a ball at Piedras Negras, on the night of the 10th, and about three o'clock on the following morning went into the street to settle it in accordance with the code requirements. Ten shots were exchanged. After six shots from Zuniga he attacked his adversary with a pistol, clubbing him, and was shot through the heart. Sanchez is also seriously wounded.

AT Pittsburg, Pa., on the 13th, Frank Fullerton was tried for the murder of his mother on the 30th of November last. The parties lived in Allegheny in an old basement, and had been quarreling. The mother, aged sixty years, was found on the floor in a pool of blood, and died without speaking a word. The evidence of a brutal murder was overwhelming until physicians testified that the wounds on the body did not cause death. A verdict of not guilty was rendered, and Fullerton left the courtroom a free man.

STATE JUDGE MCCONNELL, having persisted in trying the cases against the revenue officers of Macon county, Tenn., for alleged illegal arrests, Judge Baxter has ordered him to appear before the United States Circuit Court on February 8 and show cause why he should proceed to try these cases, when they have been transferred to the United States Circuit Court. This brings the conflict of jurisdiction between the state and federal courts in regard to the revenue cases to a crisis, and the result is awaited with great interest in Tennessee.

NICHOLAS F. CLEARY was arrested in Cheyenne, W. T., on the night of the 11th, and taken to Denver, Col., on a charge of swindling. Cleary is a graduate of the Columbia Law College, Washington, and a nephew of John A. Bingham, United States Minister to Japan. He has been out there several months. He is very disreputable. He forged three drafts, one on the Catholic Bishop of Colorado, for \$1,000, and two on the German National Bank of Denver. He spent the money gambling. His relatives have given him up and he is now in jail.

A YOUNG man in Boston received a bequest of \$25,000. He had been poor, and the sudden acquisition of wealth rather turned his head. He began to spend the money in reckless dissipation, in spite of the efforts of his father to restrain him, and kept on until only \$11,000 was left. The father begged that this remainder might be given to him for safe keeping, and the son, being then ill from long drunkenness, and very penitent, readily complied. The father put \$10,000 into a pocket in his shirt, and started out to spend the other \$1,000 in a frolic. That night he slept on a bench in a bar-room, and in the morning every cent of the money was gone.

AT Cleveland, O., on the 11th, Dr. J. C. Leslie, a well-known physician, was arrested on an indictment found by the grand jury, charging him with an abortion on the person of Jennie Turpin, a young girl only fifteen years old. Her story is a record of one of the most fiendish crimes ever perpetrated in that section of the country. Jennie is a bright, but plain-looking girl, who has been employed for some time past in various capacities in families in the city. She is very childish, both in appearance and ways. A few days previous she informed the police officers that she was prepared to make a confession that would fix the taint of an awful crime upon her own father.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania having quashed the writ in the case of Alexander E. Sayre, of Philadelphia, the murderer of his wife, Governor Hartranft will issue a warrant in a few days for his execution about sixty days hence. It is understood that an effort will be made before the Board of Pardons to prevent His Excellency from issuing the warrant on the ground of insanity. The Supreme Court of that state having affirmed the action of the Franklin County Court in the case of Ezekiah Shafer, who murdered his wife about a year ago, the Governor will issue a warrant for his execution the same day on which he will sign the third death warrant in the Sayre case.

THOMAS MCFADDEN, who murdered W. Scott at a Sunday school festival, on Christmas eve, at Indian Grove school house, Adams county, Ill., an account of which appeared in the GAZETTE, was captured in Ray county, Mo., and lodged in the county jail at Quincy, Ill., on the 13th. John Richards and William Miller, officers of Ursa township, tracked the prisoner to his brother's home, in Ray county. He fled on the approach of the Ursa men, but they pursued and captured him in the southern part of that county. The prisoner pretended to know nothing of the crime for which he was arrested, and refused to be interviewed. His brother, from Ray county, Mo., came back with him.

AT Chester, Ill., on the 13th, two of a number of convicts engaged in filling the ice-house belonging to the prison succeeded in eluding their guard, and were gone half an hour before they were missed. Pursuit was then begun by a number of the guards experienced in the chase, and after a five-mile race over hills, hollows and sloughs, for which the region is particularly noted, the gentlemen in striped clothes were overhauled. Their names were Murt Sullivan and Louis Kerns. Sullivan is a notorious Chicago horse-thief, and serving his second term. Louis Kerns is a St. Louis thief and well-known work-house rat. The latter has less than six months to serve, and the former about two years.

ON the night of the 12th, three white men, Frank Elk, Bill Foster and Henry, went to the house of Mr. Willoughby, near Cuba, Tenn., and forcing an entrance, demanded of Mr. Willoughby and his wife some money which the robbers had been informed was held by Mr. Willoughby. On refusing to comply with the demand of the thieves, the aged couple were overpowered, thrown on the bed, and beaten most cruelly, until they were forced to give up \$180, which was every cent owned by them. The three men, after securing this amount, departed, and have not been heard of since. The injuries sustained by Mr. Willoughby and his wife are serious, and grave doubts are entertained of the recovery of Mr. Willoughby.

ON the 10th, Theodore Bushwick, who was separated from his wife, went to his former home, near Pacific City, Iowa, where his wife was living and uttering no word to her when she

made her appearance, at once a rose, and taking a revolver from his pocket, fired two shots, both taking effect; one passing nearly through the left shoulder, and the other striking in the neck, and in the region of the main artery. So close was Bushwick that her face is badly discolored with the powder. Passing from the house to the yard, he met William Boyce, father of Mary, and presenting the revolver, fired two shots at him, one striking him on the left arm below the elbow, and the other taking effect in the left side. Mrs. Bushwick died on the 12th and the father is in a dangerous condition. Bushwick fled but was captured and lodged in jail.

COVERT D. BENNETT was indicted by the Hudson County, N. J., Grand Jury that was discharged on Tuesday, 14th, for murder in the first degree for conspiracy with Jennie R. Smith and causing the death of her husband, Police Officer Richard H. Smith, who was found dead in his bed, in Pacific avenue, Jersey City, on the 1st of August, 1878. An unsuccessful effort was made by the previous Grand Jury to indict Bennett, but the bill was thrown out. Since then he has been in the county jail, being held ostensibly as a witness against Mrs. Smith. Prosecutor McGill renewed his exertions to procure an indictment before the last Grand Jury, and a true bill was found against him jointly with Mrs. Smith. The action was a complete surprise to Bennett. Mrs. Smith is confined to her bed by acute chills and fever. It is rumored that important new evidence has been obtained against the defendants.

ON the night of the 11th, two well-dressed men entered the bar-room at 1397 Broadway and ordered two beers. An instant later the tapster was started at hearing the sharp report of a pistol, and as he turned around he saw one of the men lying on the floor, while the other coolly walked out of the bar-room. The wounded man was taken to the Thirtieth street police station. There Captain Williams identified him as Charles Dorans, alias Jack Steiner, of 256 West Forty-sixth street. "Who shot you?" Captain Williams asked. "I won't tell you," was the quick reply. "You may die!" Captain Williams continued. "All right if I do; but if I don't, the man who shot me will be brought here on a stretcher." Ambulance Surgeon Fisher probed the wound and pronounced it fatal, the ball having gone through the right lung. Dorans refused to go to any hospital, and was taken to his home in the ambulance.

GREENPOINT, L. I., is greatly excited over the details of a rather unsavory scandal which has just been stirred up in it. John N. Stearns, a pretty well known temperance apostle, a deacon in a Presbyterian church there, and a married man with a large family, is accused of having been too intimate for the good of morality with Miss Libbie Penney, a teacher in the Sunday school. The latter, who is thirty-five years of age, it is rumored, is now in an interesting condition, while her quondam Lothario is sojourning in Florida. The amours of this fond couple, it is charged, took place in this city at 68 Reade street, the rooms of the National Temperance Society, where Stearns was employed as agent and Libbie as book-keeper, and, according to the allegations, extended over a period of six years. Prior to that time Stearns was a deacon in a Reformed Dutch church, and it is alleged that his name was associated with that of the pastor's wife in a rather unpleasantly notorious manner.

AT Michigan City, Ind., on the night of the 13th, Hall Donly was frightfully cut with a razor by Henry Triggs, while attending a temperance lecture at Union Hall, delivered by Jack Warburton. The facts, as told by eye-witnesses, are as follows: The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Donly came in late, and stood near the door, and was talking in a low tone to some one, when Triggs told him to stop talking. A few words passed between them, when Triggs struck Donly in the face, and then drew a razor and cut Donly on the right side of his face, cutting his ear in two, the gash extending to near the eye. With another stroke he cut a gash from a little below the left eye down across his mouth near the nose, severing the facial artery. Mr. Donly bled profusely before his wounds could be dressed, which was done as soon as surgeons could be got, when he was taken to comfortable quarters, where he lies in a critical condition. Triggs was at once arrested and placed in jail to await the result of Donly's wounds.

IN Detroit, Mich., on the morning of the 12th, Robert Murphy, a grocer, had a terrible struggle with a burglar. Murphy, believing his store was being systematically robbed, took up a position to watch for the burglar. He had been waiting but a few minutes before a man entered a rear door by means of false keys. Murphy grappled with the thief, and for a few minutes the two struggled in each other's embrace. The grocer finally caught hold of an old chisel and commenced pounding the fellow with it on the head, when the latter got him by the throat, and choked him into unconsciousness, and then escaped. Shortly after a man came to the station-house and reported that he had been assaulted. While his wound was being dressed, Murphy came in to report the fact of his fight and identified the fellow, who gave his name as James Ellis. He confessed that he was the burglar, and said he had been induced to come to the station-house through fear that he would bleed to death unless his injuries were attended to. His skull was fractured and it is thought he will die.

AT a special term of the circuit court for the county of Delta, Mich., held at Escanaba, on the 7th inst., Edward P. Lott, township treasurer of Escanaba township during the years 1876 and 1877, was brought into court charged with embezzlement and larceny of the township moneys to the amount of \$3,450. The trial occupied three days, the court-room being crowded each day. Mr. Lott stated that he took that sum of money, belonging to the township, to Chicago about the middle of February, 1877, to deposit in a bank there for safe-keeping, and that while there, he lost it or had it stolen from him. The evidence for the prosecution was weak, and nothing was produced to contradict the story of the defendant. The fact of his taking the money out of the township was dwelt upon as being suspicious. It was also claimed by the prosecution, but not satisfactorily proved, that at times, when demands were made upon him by the proper officers for moneys, and he denied that he had any, he hid, as a matter of fact, have a large amount; and this constituted the alleged crime of embezzlement and larceny. The jury was charged Thursday evening, the 9th, and after being out an hour, returned and gave a verdict of "not guilty."

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ords	1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....10,000.
one	1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....5,000.
ght	2 PRIZES OF \$1,500.....2,000.
nd	5 PRIZES OF 1,000.....5,000.
ash	20 PRIZES OF 500.....10,000.
ut	100 PRIZES OF 100.....10,000.
uted	200 PRIZES OF 50.....10,000.
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